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Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

FULLERTON'S ADDRESS TO THE FREEDMEN OF LOUISIANA.

HEADQUARTERS BUREAU OF REFUGEES, FREEDMEN AND ABANDONED LANDS.
NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 29, 1865.

A CHANGE has been made in the office of the Assistant-Commissioner of the Bureau of Refugees, Freedmen, and Abandoned Lands for the State of Louisiana. Mr. Conway has been relieved, and I have temporarily assumed the duties of said office. Before progressing further in my work, I wish to address to you the following plain words. The remarks will, perhaps, properly apply to but few, for I believe that nearly all of you understand the relation in which you stand toward the Government and the white people; that you endeavor to observe that relation, and that you are in the main industrious, honest, and frugal.

The Government has made you free. You can now work for such employers as you may desire. You can control and use your own wages, and you can sue and obtain justice in the State courts as other freemen did when you were in a state of slavery. For what more can you ask? Slavery has passed away, and you are now placed on trial. It is for you to prove that you are able to take care of yourselves, and that you deserved to be made free. In the abrupt change brought about by the sudden passing away of slavery, you required some assistance—some power that would take care of you for the time, and that would properly direct you in a new path in life. Therefore the Bureau of Refugees, Freedmen, and Abandoned Lands was established. But you must not mistake the object of this Department. It is not the intention of this Bureau to nurse and pamper you, to feed and clothe you, or to give you any privileges that other persons do not enjoy. Neither will you be shielded or protected when you do wrong, but you will be placed in the hands of the military authority, or in the civil courts for trial. The object of the Bureau was merely to protect you when you were debarred from the benefits of the law, and to teach you how to live and labor as freemen. You cannot always have this help, which a generous Government has offered you. Soon it will be withdrawn, and if you cannot then live without it you do not deserve to be free.

You are now working for yourselves and you have every inducement to be industrious and frugal, faithful to your employers and honest. By so doing you will soon gain the confidence of the community, and all men will respect you and treat you *fairly and kindly*. You must now try and lay by as much of your wages as possible, and thus you soon become able to buy land and establish yourselves in business; and then, when old age comes, you will have the means to live in peace and comfort. You must remember that you have no master now to take care of you in sickness and in old age. Some of you have the mistaken notion that freedom means liberty to be idle. This is a great mistake. There is work for every person in the country, and idlers and vagrants will not be tolerated. Those of you who have gone to the cities and cannot get work to do, must leave them and go back to the plantations, where all can be employed. Do not fear that you will not be paid for your labor, for the law will protect you. The planters will give you good wages, and your work will be of benefit both to them and yourselves. There is no way for you to live but by hard work. I believe now that you are free you will work better than ever; but if you do not work of your own accord, or if the law cannot compel you to work, then you must leave the country, and the good opportunities that you now have of gaining a living and making yourselves independent will be given to more deserving persons. I advise you all to return to your old plantations, where you have been kindly treated, and where you are known and there you can get better wages. You must not suppose that your former masters have become your enemies because you are free. All good men among them will properly recognize your relations towards them as free laborers, and you can gain the confidence and good will of all others by being industrious and faithful, and by living up to your contracts.

Neither fear that you will lose your freedom, for your former masters acknowledge it, and it will be defended by the Government.

This thing you must learn above all others: a contract must be sacredly observed. If you engage to work, and then, through no fault on the part of your employer, you do not do so, or cease to work after having commenced, or do not work well, your employers will loose all confidence in you, they will not then be obliged to pay you your wages, and you will not again be hired. In the absence of civil law, regarding agreements between the whites and yourselves, contracts for hire have been made for you by the agents of this Bureau and by military officers. For the present your wages are secured by a lien on the crops which you are producing, but as the civil law cannot afford relief to the planters, they have no way to make you perform your part of the contract. Instructions will therefore be given to all officers and agents of this Bureau, to compel those of you who do not do so, to work and fulfil your obligations, unless you have been unfairly dealt with by your employers. As soon as these contracts expire you must make new ones similar to them for the coming year, for you must remember that you are now working for yourselves, and if you do not renew your contracts and live up to them, you will have no means of living; for in that case you will be able to get assistance from no person.

You must not believe the idle and malicious stories that have been told you by bad men as to what the Government intends to do for you. All has been done for you that you can expect. Neither rations, nor clothing, nor mules, nor working implements will be given to you hereafter. The most that will be done by the Government will be to furnish assistance to the aged and infirm—those who cannot work; and this assistance will not be furnished when the State can take care of such persons. No land will be given to you. Already a large quantity of the land that was held by the Bureau has been returned to the owners, and even had it not been returned it would not have been given to you or divided among you. There is no possible way by which you can procure houses or land for yourselves, but by working land and saving your wages then you will have the means to purchase such as other persons have done. The Government will not do more for you than for the white laborers who are your neighbors, and it is not proposed to divide up the lands in the South for them, nor do they expect or demand such action.

The Government has made you free, and it will protect you in your freedom. It will do nothing more. The only change that you must expect next Christmas and New Year's, is that you must then make new contracts to work and for hire for the coming year.

I have addressed you thus plainly in order that you may understand what I say.

Now let me repeat, that you need have no fear of being again reduced to slavery. The Government will protect you in your freedom for all time to come, and in return for this great boon do not disappoint those who expect to find you industrious, enterprising and honest.

J. S. FULLERTON,
Brevet Brigadier-General Volunteers, Assistant-Commissioner Bureau of Refugees, Freedmen, and Abandoned Lands, State of Louisiana.

MONTGOMERY BLAIR AT ROCHESTER.

[Not long ago Montgomery Blair was endorsed, on the very highest authority, as an Abolitionist, and he seemed to "glory in the name." The following extracts of a speech he gave the other day at Rochester, prove the doctrine of the "Perseverance of the Saints" to be no part of his creed. If, as is sometimes intimated, he is still on the best and most confidential of terms with President Johnson, his words certainly have a peculiar significance. In this same speech he says, "A great many ask me, on which side is the President? I never asked him, *though I have had many opportunities to do so.* It is palpable to me that he is a Democrat. He says that this is a white man's Government, and does not *at present* seem inclined to surrender it to any other race." But here is Mr. Blair's own estimate of Democracy, and who are competent to wear its name:]

FROM the earliest dawn of history we have seen that the Caucasian alone shows that sturdy independence, which lies at the foundation of all free governments that ever had an existence. This idea is innate in the white race, and in the white race alone—no other race ever qualified itself for a free government, or showed its capacity to maintain one—no other one can have it, and the problem is whether we can mingle white blood with the African race, and thus raise them to the capacity of self-government. It is beyond dispute that they are a distinct caste, which even amalgamation, so repugnant to the people both North and South, can never wipe out. As such distinct race they can never live on terms of equality with us. We cannot mix with the Indians, who once possessed the land we now occupy, and the few generations of the white man's occupancy of the soil have witnessed the gradual but sure extermination of that race. This is the result of a natural law. Neither can we mix with the Chinese. If such things were possible or practicable, and any general attempt was made to render the different races in this country equals, as is claimed by the rampant lunatics that are now agitating the country with their chimeras, we should bring upon ourselves all the social evils that exist in the Spanish states of Central and South America. When those States threw off their allegiance to the Spanish crown and declared for independence they were wanting in the judgment that distinguishes our cool blood, and they made all the races equally citizens in the eyes of the law—whites, negroes, and native Indians. The condition of those unfortunate countries to-day shows the folly of such a course. Perpetual change, instability, revolution, and anarchy are the results. The white race has been degraded to the level of the negro, and they all alike show their incapacity for a free government. Now, are we going to follow the teachings of our own instincts and judgment, or fall into the same error and incur the same fate? If such an event was soberly thought of by the mass of the American people I would dwell longer upon the subject, but I don't believe it is seriously contemplated by any but the most fanatical. This plan of reconstruction of the Union by taking up the Southern negro and placing him upon terms of political and social equality with the Southern white man, and of depriving the Southern white man of political existence, is only worthy of such men as Mr. Sumner and Thaddeus Stevens. It is a deep laid plan of securing to their party an assurance of political power for all time to come. They have no notion, probably, of mingling the blood of the two races. They urge the loyalty of the negro as a mere pretext for accomplishing party ends. They propose to put the negro in his master's place—to put arms in his hands, and accept him as the ruling power in fifteen States of the Union, because of his alleged loyalty and because of the alleged disloyalty of his master. This claim is false and unfounded. Fewer negroes, in proportion to their numbers, joined the ranks of the Union army, with all the compulsory efforts that were brought to bear upon them, than whites from the slave States. Only 140,000 of the former were driven, coaxed, or voluntarily enrolled from the North and South, while Missouri put 100,000 white men in the field, and Kentucky 60,000, on the Federal side, besides large numbers from other slave States. Those white people should have some little consideration shown them for their sacrifices and the perils they incurred in standing true to the Union in the day of peril. But no, they are to have no regard paid to their rights of citizenship, but the negro is to take their places and control the destinies of the rebellious States, and through them, in league with the Radicals of the North, the destinies of the nation. And all this unmitigated severity to the South is because Mr. Buchanan, and Mr. Seward acting in concert with him, instigated and encouraged the South to secede by refusing to reinforce Fort Sumter when such a thing was practicable. It is a matter of history with which the world is now pretty familiar, that Mr. Seward entered into a solemn compact with the South to give up Fort Sumter, and that by his means the vessel ordered to reinforce it was sent in another direction, and that the rebels of Charleston were allowed to take it with but little difficulty. But for this apparent acquiescence of the Government in the secession movement in South Carolina, it is not at all probable, from what we now know of the inside history of the Southern confederacy, no other State would have followed in the footsteps of that State, and all the terrible bloodshed and devastation which ensued would have been avoided. Our people were surrendered hoplessly to the slave power when the Government connived at this surrender, and when it refused to arm us that we might defend ourselves from the attempts to force us into rebellion. The people of the South were led to suppose that secession was to be peaceably accomplished, and many Union men acquiesced in it under the influence of the majorities of their respective States. Many prominent men from the South who have been identified with the rebellion, have told me recently that they had every reason to believe it would be acquiesced in and would in no wise disturb the peaceable relations between the States.

Selections.

SOUTHERN METHODISM.

[The following extracts are from a letter in the *Methodist* of last week, signed B. H. Crever. It is not to be supposed that the Methodists here described are sinners above all others, or that they are any worse now than when twenty years ago the whole church, North and South, were one, and that one as deeply dyed in slave-holding guilt as these condemned ones are to-day. And it is even doubtful whether support of President's Johnson's plan of reconstruction now is not nearly as great a sin and crime as was slaveholding itself thirty years ago.]

THE attempt of certain ministers, formerly of the Baltimore Conference, to occupy her church edifices in this valley, and to corrupt the minds of her people, is an unholy effort of desperate men to save themselves by the destruction of the Church. It is a criminal conspiracy, limited in its primary and secret agency to a few leading minds, and generated by the identical spirit that produced our civil war. These men are so shamefully involved by public and professional advocacy in the guilt of the rebellion, that nothing less than repentance and fruits meet for repentance could secure for them toleration or favor in thoroughly loyal communities. They are themselves profoundly convinced of this fact. But they are unblushingly unrepentant, with the fact staring them in the face that, by their work at Staunton, in 1861, they helped to seal the fate of Virginia, and to precipitate the rebellion. Responsible before heaven for the slaughter of hundreds, perhaps thousands, of young men deluded by their sophistries into the rebel ranks, they yet betray no particle of regret.

In this condition they accept the alternative which is forced upon them, which is to adhere sullenly to the fields they have helped to desolate, and to the people whose sons they have betrayed to unhonored graves.

To foster the old sectional hate begotten by slavery is, with them, a cardinal virtue, essential to success. The great feature of their field tactics is "to resist the invaders"—that is, the coming of the regular ministry of the M. E. Church. They can no otherwise bind the people to themselves than by inflaming the lingering sparks of the rebellion, branding native loyalty with reproachful epithets, and creating local prejudice against Northern enterprise and thrift.

Thus we have re-inaugurated on Virginia soil the apostleship of treason. Men who proclaim the gospel of peace and good will stand at God's altar and virtually swear their subjects to undying enmity of those who are in reality their best friends.

* * * * * *

Some of them have recently been in Washington. Rebels have been there in great numbers receiving amnesty for past sins, and swearing anew their fealty to the Government. As these gentlemen, however, are not convicted of sin, they were not concerned about pardon. What they wanted was *protection*. Heaven save the mark! If their prayers for the success of the rebellion had only been answered—so fervent and so well remembered now—they would not have needed even this; but as, by some mysterious providence, doubtless intended for the trial of their faith, the blessed confederacy is in a state of suspended animation, and slavery is apparently dead, they find it convenient, *for the time being*, to recognize a Federal Executive.

RECONSTRUCTION.

[The Washington *Chronicle* has a letter from Hon. E. W. Gantt, dated Washington, Oct. 31st, 1865, from which the following are extracts. Like almost all else coming from Washington or farther South, the letter shows that President Johnson is maturing his reconstruction policy, under a general disregard of the rights of the colored population North and South, as fast and effectually as frosts ripen the already whitening corn. Hope in Congress must grow daily more and more weak, for the people themselves, the only sure underpinning of Congress, have forgotten, apparently, everything but State politics, and these are conducted in the most unscrupulous way by both parties alike. But to the letter of Mr. Gantt.]

ARKANSAS.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 31, 1865.

To the Editor of the Chronicle:

THE reorganization in Arkansas has progressed quietly and is a success.

In the Fall of 1863, the first meetings were held looking to a State Convention. In February, 1864, a convention was holden. It adopted a State Constitution abolishing slavery, repudiating the Confederate debt, and nullifying all the acts done by the Confederate authorities, except marriage certificates, acknowledgement of deeds, and a few other minor things. It proceeded to organize a *provisional government* by the appointment of Hon. Isaac Murphy Governor, empowering him to order an election for a *permanent government*, and requiring him to submit to the people the constitution for approval or rejection. The election was so ordered and a permanent government established, with his Excellency Isaac Murphy as Governor. The constitution as amended was adopted by a vote, in round numbers, of 12,000 for and 200 against it. The vote cast was near one-half the estimated voting population of the State, a little less than one-fourth of the vote of 1860, and but a few hundred less, if not equal, to the entire vote cast for secession in 1861.

This organization was of the people, and spontaneous. It has been erroneously supposed that the Executive or the military controlled it. I know personally to the contrary. Advocating, in the Fall of 1863 and the Winter of 1864, the holding of a convention and the amendment of our constitution abolishing slavery, for reasons stated in various speeches and letters, I had an opportunity to know much that was done. As the then commander of the department, a brave and accomplished soldier, opposed our views on this point, it was deemed expedient by the friends of the measure that I should go to Washington and see what influences could be brought to bear upon Gen. Steele to induce him to favor our plans, he expressing his entire willingness to do what the President desired in the premises. Before leaving, there was a general understanding that if the convention were full, it should proceed to work and do what was necessary. If not full, it should order an election for a convention to be holden at some future designated day. Before reaching Washington, I was overtaken by a prominent citizen of the State, who, leaving after I did, assured me that the convention would not be held. Arriving at Washington, we visited Mr. Lincoln together, and he submitted to us his plan of reorganization, whereby an election was ordered for the 28th March, 1864. In the meantime, advices reached me from home, informing me of the meeting and action of the convention, among which was its order for an election on the 14th of March. I called at once on President Lincoln, made a full explanation, and urged the consolidation of the two plans. He cheerfully complied, and wrote by me a letter to Gen. Steele to that effect. So the election was holden on the day and in the manner prescribed by the convention, and met the full approval of President Lincoln.

The new State government was thus inaugurated. The utmost quiet prevails in our midst. A citizen of any portion of the United States can travel unattended throughout our entire borders. Courts are being held in all the counties. Estates are being administered and important rights adjudicated. Hundreds of thousand of dollars are in train of collection; property is being bought and sold under execution; marriages are being solemnized, and other contracts entered into upon the faith of the permanence of our State Government. In a word, every act which a State in perfect vigor can do is now being done, and the dawn of returning prosperity breaks upon us.

It is desired especially that the attention of the public be called to the fact that three important questions have been settled in our State: First, the inserting of a clause in our State Constitution forever prohibiting slavery; second, the repudiation of the Confederate debt; and, in the third place, the prompt ratification by our Legislature of the constitutional amendment abolishing slavery. They are adopted as just principles by a portion of our people, while a large portion of the residue acquiesce in them as points legitimately settled by the war.

Such is briefly our State government, which relies upon the President and Congress and the country for recognition, and which, if torn down and rebuilt forty times, must at last be substantially just what it is.

Yours, truly, E. W. GANTT.

Gen. Gantt also incloses the following official dispatches and documents from President Johnson, Secretary White and Maj.-Gen. Reynolds. They will be read with great interest.

OPERATION OF THE STATE GOVERNMENT.—SECRETARY WHITE'S CERTIFICATE.

OFFICE OF SECRETARY OF STATE.

I, Robert J. T. White, Secretary of State of the State of Arkansas, do hereby certify that the State government of the said State is in full and successful operation; that the civil organization of all the counties of the State has taken place; that county, probate and circuit courts have been held in all the counties except Fulton, and that this county has lately been fully organized, and that in it courts can now be held without hindrance or molestation; that the people generally are disposed to be obedient to law, and are attending to their personal concerns; that to some extent, however, disturbance is being created by some of the old and influential citizens of the State, who were active participants in the rebellion, in advising disregard of a disfranchising law, that prohibits from voting all persons who have aided or abetted the rebellion since the 18th day of April, A. D. 1864; and that as soon as they can be prepared, complete lists of the civil officers of the State will be forwarded to the President of the United States.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand, and caused my official seal to be hereunto affixed.

Done at the City of Little Rock this thirteenth day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five, and of the independence of the United States the ninetieth.

[SEAL.]

ROBT. J. P. WHITE, Secretary of State.

By A. W. BISHOP, Acting Secretary.

THE PRESIDENT TO THE GOVERNOR OF ARKANSAS.

The following dispatch has been sent by the President to the Governor of Arkansas:

EXECUTIVE OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C., October 30, 1865.

To Gov. MURPHY, *Little Rock, Arkansas:*

There will be no interference with your present organization of State Government. I have learned from E. W. Gantt, Esq., and other sources, that all is working well, and you will proceed and resume the former relations with the Federal Government, and all the aid in the power of the Government will be given in restoring the State to its former relations.

ANDREW JOHNSON,
President of the United States.

FLORIDA.

LETTER FROM SECRETARY SEWARD.—PROGRESS OF REORGANIZATION IN THE STATE.

WASHINGTON, Wednesday, Nov. 1, 1865.

The following has been addressed to His Excellency William Marvin, Provisional Governor of Florida, at Tallahassee:

"Your letter of Oct. 7 was received and submitted to the President. He is gratified with the favorable progress toward reorganization in Florida, and directs me to say that he regards the ratification by the Legislature of the Congressional Amendment of the Constitution of the United States as indispensable to a successful restoration of the true loyal relations between Florida and the other States, and equally indispensable to the return of peace and harmony throughout the republic.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD."

KENTUCKY.

THE PASS SYSTEM IN KENTUCKY.

On the 29th, says the Cincinnati *Gazette*, we observed a colored man and his family, with their trunks, in an express wagon, who seemed to be in trouble. On inquiry we found that he had recently come from Tennessee, with a pass from his former master, to take his family back, who had been sent to this city for safety during the war. He had lost his pass, and on going to the depot of the Kentucky railroad, in Covington, he was refused passage without a pass. He was advised to come back to this side of the river, and get a pass of Provost Marshal Jones. But this officer having no right to issue a pass for Kentucky, turned him away. We advised him to go to the Post Commander in Covington, who would no doubt give him a pass that would be respected by the railroad conductors, now that Gen. Palmer is retained in command in that State. As it was a week ago, the railroad company was operating under the civil law, which prohibits them from carrying slaves, unless they have passes from their owners or free colored persons, unless they show their free papers. Of course, there are thousands of women and children—the families of colored soldiers—who are free still in Kentucky, but have no papers to establish the fact. Under the civil rule, they could not get out of the State, and were liable to be re-enslaved in it. Although martial law has been suspended in Kentucky, the military authorities there interfered, and required the railroad company and other common carriers to respect their passes. There is great need of a little wholesome legislation over there to suit the present state of things.

THE NEXT GREAT OPPORTUNITY.

From the Independent.

WE have received the following letter from Hon. Charles Sumner, whose views of public policy, herein expressed, are just, statesmanlike, practical and morally noble:

BOSTON, 29th October, 1865.

DEAR MR. EDITOR: I rejoice that the *Independent* has planted itself firmly on the sure ground of Equal Rights. It is natural that a journal which has from the beginning so bravely and constantly opposed slavery in all its pretensions should now insist that these pretensions shall be trampled out, so that nothing shall be left to breed future trouble. This can be done only through the establishment of Equal Rights.

To my mind, there never was a duty plainer or more instinctive. It is as plain as the moral law, and it is as instinctive as self-defense. If the country fails to do this justice now, it will commit a crime, where guilt and meanness will strive for mastery. On this head it is enough to say that it is a debt we owe to saviours and benefactors. But here all the instincts of self-defense harmonize with justice.

For the sake of the whole country, which suffers from weakness in any part; for the sake of the States lately distracted by war, which above all things need security and repose for the sake of agriculture, which is neglected there; for the sake of commerce, which has fled; for the sake of national credit, whose generous trust is exposed to repudiation; and, finally, for the sake of true reconciliation, which can be complete only when justice prevails, we must insist upon Equal Rights as the condition of the new order of things. So long as this question remains unsettled, there can be no true peace. Therefore, I would say to the merchant who issues to open trade with this region; to the capitalist who wishes to send his money there; to the emigrant who wishes to find a home there, begin by assuring justice to all men. This is the one essential condition of prosperity, of credit, and of emigration. Without it, mercantile houses, banks, and emigration-societies having anything to do with this region must all fail, or at least suffer in business and resources.

To Congress we must look as the guardian under the Constitution of the national safety. I do not doubt its full power over this whole subject; nor do I doubt its duty to see that every pretended government organized by recent rebels is treated as a present nullity. President Johnson spoke well, when in Tennessee he said that "in the work of reorganization, rebels must take back seats, leaving place to those who have been truly loyal." There is the key-note of a just policy, which I trust Congress will adopt.

It is difficult to measure the mischief which has already ensued from the "experiment" which has been made. Looking at the positive loss to business and the productive industry of the country, it is painful. Looking at the distress which it has caused among loyal people by the revival of the rebel spirit, it is heart-rending. Looking at it in any way, it is a terrible failure. It will be for Congress to apply the remedy.

Meanwhile, you have the thanks of good people for your loyalty to the cause, and your strenuous efforts in its behalf. Go on I entreat you. Do not hesitate.

I am, dear sir, your grateful fellow-laborer,

CHARLES SUMNER.

This letter is pure gold. Christian statesmanship is common sense and a moral purpose. It is such statesmanship that we wish to see applied to our present affairs. No political make-shift which compromises Equal Rights will be accepted by the Party of Freedom as a satisfactory readjustment of the Rebel States. So long as four million American citizens are denied their sacred rights before that Law which should be just and equal to high and low, so long shall we persist that this Government shall not compromise away a jot or tittle of these rights.

A member of the Confederate Congress said to us lately: "If President Johnson had, at any time during the first two months after his accession, declared to the South, 'I want the negroes to vote,' the South would have acquiesced without a murmur; for the South was expecting such a policy, and could not have refused it." The first great opportunity, therefore, was with the President. He let it slip. The next is with Congress. God forbid a second failure!

About one hundred gentlemen, lately rebels, will make their appearance in Washington about the first of December—elected by the Southern States to be Senators and Representatives of the United States. We trust that their visit will be enjoyable, profitable, and memorable; that they will find comfortable quarters at the hotels—though we are afraid to exact this as a pre-requisite of reconstruction; that they will be shown the elegant improvements in the public buildings; that they will be politely received at the President's levees; but that, when they turn their steps toward the other end of Pennsylvania avenue, and ascend the stairs of the Capitol to the halls of Congress, they will be touched on the shoulder by the sergeant-at-arms, saying: "Gentlemen, the lower floor is for members; your seats are in the gallery."

The President commits reconstruction to Congress. What, therefore, is the authority of Congress? "I do not doubt," says Mr. Sumner, "*its full power over the whole subject.*" What terms, then, shall Congress exact? The Government has already exacted certain terms. Not to mention all, we quote one:

WASHINGTON, Oct. 29, 1865.

The following is the text of the communication dated Washington, Oct. 28, 1865, and transmitted to His Excellency, James J. Johnson, Provisional Governor of Georgia, at Milledgeville:

"Your several telegrams have been received. The President of the United States cannot recognize the people of any State as having resumed the relations of loyalty to the Union that admits, as legal, obligations contracted, or debts created, in their names, to promote the war of the rebellion.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD."

Now, how can the Federal Government say to Sovereign States, "You cannot resume your relations to the Union till you first repudiate the rebel debt?" For the excellent reason that the Federal Government "has full power over the whole subject." Now, having this power, how shall the Government use it? We answer: Use it with equal generosity and justice. A Christian government should act like a Christian man. Our Government should "do good to its enemies." It should "overcome evil with good." It should make its victory twice noble by showing clemency to the vanquished. *But we indignantly protest against the mock sentimentality of that so-called magnanimity to white rebels which is made to include injustice to black loyalists.* We are for putting hard conditions upon the Southern whites. We have no wish to harm a hair of their heads—no wish to dispossess them of a single right—no wish to heap upon them a single indignity—no wish to salute them with opprobrious words. On the contrary, we hold to the Christian idea of good will to all men. We pray that the South may be be speedily healed of her ghastly wounds—that sunbeams may again gladden her darkened homes—that her paralyzed industry may recover, as by miracle, from its shock—and that everywhere within her borders the "wilderness may blossom as the rose!" At the same time, we demand—with an earnestness which our written words can only idly and faintly chronicle—that to her downtrodden millions JUSTICE SHALL NOW BE DONE! And because of the beautiful laws by which God governs human affairs, we believe that, in asking for the rights of the negro, we are asking for a blessing on the South!

Congress is now to secure these rights; otherwise, they go unsecured.

Last week we commented upon the following remark from a sermon of Mr. Beecher—a remark which appeared in italics in the *Times'* report, and was singled out and wreathed with compliments in the *Times'* editorial: "The laws and intents of the Government of ourselves will prove of no avail, if they are hostile and unpleasant to the *white* people of the South." This statement still stands unaltered in the *Times*, with compliments and all, though Mr. Beecher wrote to the *Tribune*, the next day, that the statement was "inaccurately" reported. Mr. Beecher's entire sermon, with emendations by the author, appears in our sheet to-day—a sermon which contains (as all his sermons contain) much fine sense and fine feeling; and in which the passage "inaccurately" reported by the *Times* stands as follows: "The best intentions of the Government will be defeated, if the laws that are made touching this matter [*i. e.*, the relation of whites and blacks] are such as are calculated to excite the animosity and hatred of the white people of the South toward the black people there. I except the single decree of Emancipation. That must stand, though men dislike it." We would not thus make a second public reference to Mr. Beecher's sermon, except to give him the benefit of his explanation. But we are bound to say that his sermon, even as explained, is not satisfactory, and will continue to grieve his best friends. Certainly, as Mr. Beecher says, the Proclamation of Emancipation must stand, "though men dislike it." But must Equal Suffrage FALL, because "men dislike it?" On the contrary, we make our demand for justice whether men "dislike it" or not. And we shall continue the same cry, whether men will "hear or forbear." Mr. Beecher is not yet so explicit as to avoid being misunderstood on certain vital points. For instance, he apparently denies the power of the Federal Goverament to require Equal Suffrage from the South. But if this question is to be determined by the rebel States, what becomes of the negro? We answer in one of Mr. Beecher's own phrases: "He will be ground to powder." "I hold," says Mr. Beecher, "that it is not possible for us of the North, except in a *remote* way, to affect the condition of the black men at the South." On the contrary, we hold, with Mr. Sumner, that it is in the power of the North, in a *direct* way, not only greatly to affect, but entirely to revolutionize, the condition of the black men at the South; and that is, by the intervention of Congress to secure Equal Suffrage. This Government is not "remote" from any citizen. It stands at every man's elbow. It is omnipresent. Congress can plant itself by the side of every slave's cabin in the land, and say, "The American's cottage is his castle." And this is the great duty of next December! "The kindness of the white men in the South," says Mr. Beecher, "is more important to the blacks than all the policies of the nation put together." But there is *no* such "kindness of the white men of the South." Shall there then be no "policy of the nation," to take its place? Does any man suppose that the Southern States, of their own "kindness," will ordain Equal Rights? Why is the South annulling her ordinances of secession? Because she is coerced! Why is she abolishing slavery? Because she is coerced! Why is she repudiating the rebel debt? Because she is coerced! And when will she ordain Equal Suffrage? When she is coerced! Not one of these States would have done one of these things except by coercion! And now is the time for just one more and the last coercion—and that is, into Equal Rights. When the Southern States shall be full in the Union, no coercion will be permissible,—the opportunity will be lost. The negro will then be condemned to wait the result of a twenty years' agitation before he will attain his rights. But now the occasion is ripe, and let the fruit be plucked! With our whole soul, we reject every plan of reconstruction that does not immediately promise justice to the negro, so as to secure him, in advance, from the tyranny of a life-time. Accordingly we differ totally from Mr. Beecher when he says: It is desirable on every account, that the South should be restored at the earliest practicable moment to a participation in our common government." We hold just the opposite view—that a speedy reëstablishment of the Southern States would be a calamity to the Republic. As they were thirty years in getting ready to go out of the Union, let them be thirty months in getting ready to return! "The earliest practicable moment!" What is it? *It is when these States shall come bearing in their arms the full golden sheaf of Equal Rights!* Not before!

What, therefore, do we ask? We ask that, before Congress meets, the Executive shall once more survey the remaining fragments of its lost opportunity, and re-issue Mr. Seward's telegram, amended so as to read as follows: "The President of the United States cannot recognize the people of any State as having resumed the relations of loyalty to the Union so long as that State refuses Equal Rights to its most loyal citizens." If the Executive shall still delay to make this just stipulation, then let Congress nail upon its doors the following

NOTICE.

The One Hundred rebels now asking for seats in these chambers are informed that they can be admitted as members of this body only on presentation of credentials showing:

First, that the rebel States have declared null and void the ordinances of Secession.

Second, that they have repudiated the rebel debt.

Third, that they have ratified the Constitutional Amendment.

Fourth, that they have ordained Equal Rights to all citizens.

To any terms at variance with these, the DOORS ARE SHUT.

SLAVERY IN HAVANA.

From a Special Correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune.

HAVANA, Oct. 21, 1865.

THE question of slavery, which you have just been settling, produces here a relentless struggle, the effects of which are made manifest in the antagonism existing between two classes of the inhabitants of Cuba, the Creoles and the *Peninsulares* or Spaniards. The Creoles, or natives of the island, who are in reality the owners of nine-tenths of the soil, are, from experience and principle, opposed to slavery; while the Spaniards, who are coming here to make money, no matter how, find that institution exceedingly profitable, and do their best to have it maintained. Both parties have their regular meetings, in which the first are demanding the abolition of slavery and other reforms, giving them equal rights with the mother country, and securing them a certain amount of local independence; and the second opposing those reforms, are pleading for the preservation of the present order of things, under pretense that change would deal a fatal blow to the prosperity of the island. Each of these parties, the Creoles and the Spaniards, have drawn petitions and sent them to Madrid, under the care of delegates intrusted with the defense of their respective demands and interests.

Notwithstanding what has been said of the abolition of the slave-trade in Cuba, that business is exceedingly flourishing, Not long since an expedition of 800 *boyales*, or African negroes, entered the harbor of San Cristobel and was seized by the Government. But, thanks to the influence the negro traders have with the Government of the Island, only 147 out of the 800 of these unfortunates were captured. The balance of them had been sold and the money pocketed. But the Captain-General Dulce, to shield himself against the imputation of conniving with negro-traders, had a few poor wretches arrested and put into prison. As to the real perpetrators of this criminal trade, they belong to the millionaires of the Island, or to the officers of the Government, and cannot consequently be suspended or disturbed.

The efforts made by Arguelles to induce the President of the United States to interfere in his behalf with the Spanish government, has not been attended by any alleviation of his present position. Quite the contrary. He is still in prison, which he will not leave unless the present Administration is changed, and his circumstances are in reality worse than they ever were. His persecutors who, according to fresh testimony, are high officials, afraid of the revelations which his secretary, Mr. Aguirre, now in New York, is about to make—revelations presenting them as the accomplices of Mr. Arguelles—have decided to intimidate him by the most horrible threats. They write anonymous letters to the latter, advising him that he is to be poisoned in his cell, and that his death will rid his partners of the fear of any revelation on his part, or on the part of his secretary in New York. Arguelles' friends have given him the same advice, and warned him to be careful as to his eating and drinking. So that the poor wretch, beside the torture of a long imprisonment, suffers now from the apprehensions of an untimely death.

The Captain-General of Cuba, Mr. Domingo Dulce, is to be removed on the 15th of November next, to the satisfaction of the great majority of the inhabitants, who complain loudly of the partiality he has shown for the wealthy slave-traders to the expense of the moral and material interests of the island. The records of his administration, I am afraid, will show nothing better than the creation of certain colossal fortunes made under the protection of a blind patronage, and a heavy split between the Creoles and the Spaniards, who are today more alienated from each other than ever. So unskilled has he been in the management of the affairs of the island, so wide and profound are the seeds of disunion his presence has engendered, that the supreme tribunal of the island and its President, Mr. Colmenarz, are in open war with him, and are the first to rejoice at his removal.

THE PRESIDENT'S "DESIRE."

From the N. Y. Demokrat.

SOME good anti-slavery men express themselves "satisfied" with the President's declarations to Maj. Stearns, and thank the President for them. Our "satisfaction"—such as it is—is certainly not inferior to theirs. But we would hardly think of *thanking* the President therefor. We rejoice that public opinion has at least so far progressed as to *force* the reflector of that opinion—yclept Andrew Johnson—to express a "desire" for negro suffrage; while we thank the Radical agitators of the North for having brought public opinion to that pitch.

The same men and the same influences which made Abraham Lincoln an emancipator *malgré soi*, may yet, by a potent "outside pressure" force daylight into Andrew Johnson's cranium. That, however, will not settle the matter. The martyred Lincoln had for a lifetime cherished the desire expressed in the famous Greeley letter—"that all men might be free." At a time when his present successor was still a rabid man-stealer and fire-eater, he sent forth the dictum that "this country could not permanently remain half-slave and half-free." All this, be it noted, *of his own prompting!* And yet it was not until the Gettysburg crisis that the irresistible logic of events drew these carefully nurtured hot-house ideas from their theoretical retirement to the open atmosphere of practice.

How long will it, then, take this desire—oudgelled into our mercurial President as it is—to ripen into the full bloom of action? Where is our assurance that our very *promising* (if not executing) Executive, the "avenger of loyalty" (to the South), and the "author of harmony" (of the *celestial* kind as far as the negroes are concerned) will not, as soon as he has passed the Rubicon of "Congressional Restoration," turn on the again-befooled confiding loyalists of the land with all the venom of a trodden cobra di capello—uniting "Northern Democracy" and "Southern Unionism" under his *ægis* for a renewed betrayal of the nation and its black saviours into the hands of their common enemies?

But let it be assumed that this "desire" of the President is not only sincerely held, but to be consistently maintained! *What possible influence, beyond a moral one, can he throw into the scale while adhering to his present State rights theory?* What avails us his *desire* while he dares not to *do?* Can our present President's desire for suffrage be a whit more effective, while he snubs Sumner and Butler, and lets Perry and Sharkey "boss the job," than was his predecessor's wish for emancipation, while Buell, Halleck and McClellan held the helm, and Fremont and Hunter were left out in the cold?

Moreover, under Lincoln, the march of events fortunately pressed the nation nearer and nearer to a decision, and popular opinion to a righteous judgment; while now, each irredeemably lost day removes us further from the turning-point, binding, with ever-tightening shackles, our freedom of action; searing, with ever-hardening stubbornness, our callous consciences; staining, with ever-deepening shame, our remnant of national honor, and sealing, with ever-growing solemnity, our doom of national disgrace and perdition. *Then*, the car of progress rolled down hill; *now*, it is being painfully and groanfully pushed up hill; if it once slips it will rush us down to irretrievable ruin.

Should this suicidal "experiment" continue but yet a little while, the best intentions on the part of President or Congress either, can no longer arrest the execution of the nation's self-issued death-warrant. The ostensibly sorely-disappointed Democracy may, with the utmost self-complacence, laugh in their sleeves; for to us the National "Sam Patch" gives his *words*, and to them his *deeds!* What say ye, Shades of Seward and Mexico, Napoleon and Poland, Bismark and Schleswig, the Brownlow-Johnson "Model State" government and its "black fellow-citizens!" *

Not a "reconstructed" rebel or Chicagonian can possibly take issue with a President who says to them: "What ye bind in your States shall be bound by the Nation, and what ye loose shall be loosed."

Yea, *far better* will those Copperheads who "know the ropes" like our suffrage-aspiring President; for now the mouths of the "Radical Jacobins" are for once stopped! The friends of liberty and equality are "satisfied!" Bravo!—"let the ball roll on!"

"*Vive la réclame!*" Praised by the President, the man of his word! Great is truth, and Andrew Johnson is her prophet!

There is no refuge but the unconditional and immediate r

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1865.

PROPOSED AMENDMENT OF THE UNITED STATES CONSTITUTION.

NO STATE SHALL MAKE ANY DISTINCTION IN CIVIL RIGHTS AND PRIVILEGES AMONG THE NATURALIZED CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES RESIDING WITHIN ITS LIMITS, OR AMONG PERSONS BORN ON ITS SOIL OF PARENTS PERMANENTLY RESIDENT THERE, ON ACCOUNT OF RACE, COLOR, OR DESCENT.

THE STANDARD Subscribers to whom bills are sent, will confer a favor by remitting the amounts due at their earliest convenience.

JUSTICE—PRESIDENT JOHNSON AND JOHN MITCHEL.

SOME months since, John Mitchel was summarily arrested under military authority, and, without form of trial or, so far as was or is known, charge of any crime or offence, was borne secretly off to Fortress Monroe and a felon's cell. He was at the time of arrest connected with the editorial staff of the New York *News*, to whose columns his vigorous pen added perhaps more interest than that of any other employed. While the war lasted, he was a rebel of the rebels. Driven from his own country for his zeal in the cause of Irish Liberty, he came to America, espoused the cause of the South and the slaveholders with fiery zeal on his arrival, and followed the fortunes of the "peculiar institution" in peace and war, till its sun went down in a sea of blood. Gen. Lee having surrendered and the rebel capital been taken, he fled back to New York. With spirit unchanged, unless to intenser rage against the North, he was again permitted a seat at its public press. How he wrote will not be forgotten by those who dishonored themselves and honored him with a reading. He dipped his pen in wormwood and gall. Out of the reach, as he seemed to suppose, of the summary processes of war, he hurled defiance at the Government. If war had its whips for the North, he now scourged it with scorpions. He wailed his swan-songs for slavery, and mourned for it like another Niobe. Its downfall was to him another and perhaps the last "Paradise Lost." His wrath was kindled, and raged so furiously that, though flashing up through one of the foulest chimneys of the whole "satanic press," it lighted up all the firmament. It terrified the North more than did the first steamer that ascended the Hudson the honest Dutch yeomanry who peopled its shores. Rebellion and Richmond were ours. Gen. Lee and his rebel hordes had surrendered and gone their various ways. Not so John Mitchel. His tongue was sharper than a two-edged sword, and his pen was still terrible as an army with banners. And so a force safely sufficient arrested him on his stool editorial, bore him away to prison, and the nation breathed freely again.

There he remained as the slow dog-days and months crept along, almost "alike unknowing and unknown." But deliverance at length penetrated into his gloom; coming, too, from a most appropriate source. He was a conspirator against one government (his own) and escaped; against another and, as such, was seized and confined. A Congress of conspirators against the British government (once his own), sitting in Philadelphia, sent to President Johnson an earnest petition for his release. Effectual, fervent prayer often avails. In this instance, Fenian faith prevailed over all Presidential scruple or reluctance, which a due regard to decency might have awakened, to say nothing of justice, Constitution, or law. The martyred Mitchel free, the Fenian Parliament made haste to dispatch another stately embassy to the President, with songs of thanksgiving for what his all-powerful word had wrought. The following is all the outside world were enabled to overhear of the joyous scene:

> The release of John Mitchel having been granted by the President on an application of the Fenian Congress at Philadelphia, presented by a special envoy, the Congress decided that a deputation should proceed to Washington to give expression to the thanks of the organization. Accordingly, Col. W. R. Roberts, of New York, President of the Senate; and B. Doran Killian, of St. Louis, as special delegates, accompanied by Mr. S. J. Meany, of Toledo, proceeded to the White House, and were given an early interview. On being introduced, Col. Roberts addressed the President as follows:
>
> MR. PRESIDENT: I have the honor of being delegated by the Convention of Irish American citizens, assembled in Philadelphia, representing large social classes in thirty States and Territories, to wait upon your Excellency and express to you how deeply they feel the act restoring to freedom a man whom they love and venerate for his self-sacrificing devotion to his native land. They remember nothing of John Mitchel's American career. They can never forget that he risked all a patriot should for Ireland. I am sure, your Excellency, the American people will have no cause to regret the sympathy they feel and the friendship we believe they entertain for their fellow-citizens of Irish birth. We, sir, are not unconscious of the fact that we have found in America liberty, justice, and an asylum.
>
> President Johnson replied as follows:
>
> GENTLEMEN: I am glad to learn that the steps which have been taken in the matter referred to have met with the approval of the gentlemen who have sent you here. As you, sir, delicately remarked, we could not remember Mr. Mitchel's American career; but we were anxious, as a mark of respect and compliment to the large section of our countrymen with whom Mr. Mitchel was previously identified, to yield to their expressed wishes in that regard.

Now, to speak with solemn seriousness, it is not too much to declare this one of the most remarkable spectacles ever gazed at by human eyeballs. Of John Mitchel's career before coming to America, nothing need here be said. True, it was read, and shuddered at, too, by astonished myriads. But he might have been terribly misrepresented. The right of Ireland to be free, as of old, need not now be questioned. Of the propriety of permitting an august congress of conspirators to sit in Philadelphia, or in Washington, under American protection, devising ways and means to promote a rebellion against a constitutional, recognized, and long-existing government, nothing need now be said. Whether John Mitchel was arbitrarily and unjustly arrested and confined, is not now in debate. But he was arrested and was imprisoned; and of some supposed, if not alleged crime he was guilty or not guilty. And his arrest was a solemn guarantee to him and the country, the parties in interest, that an impartial trial should determine which. If innocent, it should be shown, and he be honorably acquitted. That was his right. If guilty, public safety, as well as the demands of justice, required that that be well established and the full penalty executed. That was the people's right. Pardon without or before trial and conviction is absurd—is indeed impossible. The law well and wisely presumes every one innocent until proved guilty. Neither Napoleon nor Victoria could pardon or be pardoned before. Innocence needs no pardon, seeks none, can accept none. Pardon presupposes guilt. A pardoned criminal is not the less guilty or exempt from penalty. His inevitable punishment is, to have been proved guilty by a full and fair trial, and to go out before the world with the outward scorn and inward scourgings of a wretch who owes his liberty, or life, or it may be both, to mercy alone, when justice had declared them forfeited, shrieking, too, sometimes, "My punishment is greater than I can bear." Innocence when arrested and restrained for crime has a right to trial. To open its prison doors without it is injustice and cruelty. Crime arrested owes the full penalty of the law to the public. To prevent trial and judgment robs the public, endangers its safety and peace, and insults the majesty of law.

How was it then with John Mitchel? He was arrested and imprisoned. That was known. He is now released. This is known. But who knows more? No trial or examination even, has disclosed innocence or guilt. His release was asked and obtained by a body of acknowledged conspirators against their own government. Their motives may be as pure as were Washington's. Their government is doubtless an oppressive one, and it may be, should be overthrown. So our own rebels reasoned (John Mitchel aiding them), and conspired also against theirs. We have trodden our rebellion down by the iron hoofs of war. Mitchel's release was asked on no other ground than that he had been the chief conspirator in an attempt against constitutional authority; the very Jeff Davis of Irish secession and rebellion. That he had been all this is, however, nothing to our purpose here. Whether he really deserved a coronet or a halter, is not material to this argument. President Johnson was asked and consented to release him on that sole ground. Executive clemency rested on an "*anxiety* to pay respect and compliment to the large section of our countrymen with whom Mr. Mitchel was previously identified." What an underpinning for such a structure! Let readers look back to the honeyed words. His discharge was asked for the sake of his *former* "*self-sacrificing devotion to his native land.* It was pleaded that "*he had risked all a patriot should for Ireland.*" But his champions were needlessly careful to say, "we remember not his American career;" for the President had no remembrance of that. He was only *anxious as a mark of respect and compliment to the large section of our countrymen with whom Mr. Mitchel was previously identified, to yield to their expressed wishes!*" That "Mr. Mitchel" had been one of the most bloody-minded allies of the slaveholders' rebellion, gave him no "anxiety." He had proved the quality of his regard for Liberty by his zeal in that vilest conspiracy against it, ever contrived among despots. That he had arrested him and held him a prisoner, caused the President the first anxiety. That his garments hung heavy and stiff about him with the blood of half a million young men, the flower and vigor of the North, gave him no "anxiety." That he had outraged decency and defied authority after his escape from Richmond to New York; that he had spurned this very Andrew Johnson, and, with audacity unequalled, declared virtually that he would not accept his pardons if offered—all this was no source of Presidential "anxiety." It was to pay "compliment and respect to 'Mr. Mitchel's' countrymen," that the Executive bowels yearned with such anxious solicitude. Was he innocent or guilty, was matter of no moment. Was his sudden, secret arrest, without accusation or impeachment, arbitrary? and his incarceration in the heat, vermin and malaria of a Southern prison, cruel and unjust? Or, if guilty of deeds deserving a hundred deaths (as who does not believe), was his sudden release at the desire of a Congress of Catalines, conspiring against their government, protected by the American Ægis—was this no cause of "anxiety?" nor any outrage on the rights of millions of Northern men? nor any mockery of justice, nor insulting burlesque on the very name of government itself? Sing Sing, too, and the Tombs, doubtless, hold many a valiant Fenian "who has risked all a patriot should for Ireland." Why not forget, or fail "to remember their American career," and fling wide open their prison doors. What a "mark of respect and compliment" it would be to their and our valiant "countrymen," who have manifested "such self-sacrificing devotion to their native land."

What if Jeff Davis should escape to Ireland and foment rebellion there against the government. Let the English arms prevail and order be restored. Then let him escape to London and become a writer for some disloyal journal. Let him daily and audaciously dare the government and defy its power: and scorn to ask or receive a pardon for past, or present and persistent outrages. And when he could be endured no longer, suppose him arrested and sent to the tower. When he had lingered there for months unconvicted, untried, unaccused even, then let Slidell, Mason, and other known and notorious Confederates whom British sufferance tolerated there, approach the throne, and beseech her Majesty to open the iron door of the tower, and "forgetting his English career" and remembering only that "*he had risked and suffered all a patriot should*" *in the confederate cause*, permit her prisoner to be released. And suppose the Queen to answer, it shall be as you desire—"I am anxious, as a mark of respect and compliment" to Mr. Davis and his countrymen of the Confederacy, to yield to their expressed wishes in that regard!" Would American eyesight be able to discern the infamous atrocity of a transaction like that, perpetrated by a government not their own?

One thought more. Who can account for the strange silence of the whole American Press at this most remarkable transaction of a hundred years in all the civilized world! What English court of high commission, what star chamber decisions or decrees, costing a sovereign his crown and the head too that wore it, and closing forever the career of a family of despots that had ruled a great nation with a rod of iron for centuries ever exceeded it! And the press is silent. The pulpit is dumb. And the people probably have forgotten the outrage, though it is only ten days old. They see not, know not, care not, apparently, for the impending peril. The Democracy think they need not interpose because the strange proceeding is in their behalf. The Republicans dare not forfeit the favor of one in whose hands is the breath of their party nostrils, and who can crush them like the moth. And the Church, with its pulpit, faithful as a mistress to the State on whose bosom she reclines, regardless of its policy, lifts no warning note, though thicker and blacker grow the clouds in the sky.

THE AMERICAN MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.

THE annual meeting of this Association at Brooklyn last week, failed to attract any considerable number of its constituency from abroad, or to draw large audiences of the citizens.

No religious body in the country probably makes higher pretensions to, or is entitled to more respect for anti-slavery character and action than this. The following resolution was probably intended at least to appear to illustrate its present position, and wishes on the great question of the hour, negro suffrage:

> Resolved, That the idea of emancipation, which carries with it no protection of person and property, no advantage of the laws and institutions of the land, equal and impartial, is delusive and pernicious. In this age and in this nation, there can be no meaning to liberty which leaves a man stripped of all civil rights, and free only as the beasts of the forests are free. Emancipation and liberty are but empty and mocking words, if they do not convey the idea and rights of citizenship; and we protest against excluding men from the rights of citizenship, civil or political, on account of their color.

On Thursday evening, says a correspondent of the Boston *Congregationalist*, public services were held in Plymouth church, at which addresses were made by Rev. George Whipple, Rev. Dr. Magill, Rev. H. W. Beecher, and Rev. Dr. R. S. Storrs, the interest of the meeting naturally centering upon the last two speakers. Mr. Beecher took occasion to define his position on national topics, doubtless spurred to it by the comments upon his late sermon, as reported in the N. Y. *Times*, and by a strong editorial in the *Independent* against this sermon. He took the ground that the North would fail of its aims, and the cause of the freedmen be damaged by any other course than that of kindness.

He urged a cordial support of the President, an assurance of our confidence and good will, but with no compromise of principle. Let him be made to feel, by kind words and actions, that we are not abandoning him in his herculean labors, and he will listen to us if we speak to him, and give us an ear, even as he seems to give an ear to the South. But we shall fail, if we attempt to bombard him to our ideas. We are expecting too much too soon.

Mr. Beecher was followed by Rev. Dr. Storrs, who thought we were in danger of cherishing a morbid apprehension, and urged a cheerful view of national affairs and a strong belief in a triumphant issue of all difficult questions.

The addresses of these two gentlemen were of great power, and were very acceptable to the audience.

Such is the best of the organized religious influence to withstand the most stupendous act of injustice and cruelty ever proposed to be enacted in the name of government and law. And what is it but solemn mockery or hypocricy, to pass good resolutions and then give and exhort everybody to give a "*cordial support to the President, and assurance of our confidence and good will,*" when both his words and actions are an unbroken assurance that his "white man's Government" policy is to be executed; nearly or quite every rebel is to be pardoned, with his lands and goods all restored, and his power over his former victims scarcely abridged except in name? The politicians and Episcopalians are doing as well as this, and with the virtue at least of acting openly and above board.

THE ELECTIONS.—The State Elections in New York and New Jersey were held on Tuesday last. Large Republican majorities were the result in both States. New Jersey will now probably add her approval to the Constitutional Amendment for the abolition of slavery. Last and least, she is still welcome, and worth saving were it only for her own sake. Commenting on the election results, the *World* says, "We have no desire to count our wounds, nor to conceal them. They are the witnesses of a manly struggle against odds; but in the defeat of the Democratic party, President Johnson's plan for the immediate restoration of the Union is defeated also." If "President Johnson's plan of reconstruction is defeated" by this election, it is the grandest political triumph of the century.

BACK TRACK.—The Court of Appeals in Maryland sustain the constitutionality of the negro apprentice law, which is only another name for a form of slavery, and almost every State in some form, is preserving seed enough of the old Upas tree to darken and poison again the whole South so soon as State Sovereignty is restored as before the Rebellion.

THE PENNSYLVANIA MEETING.—The Proceedings came in several parcels, and were not in the parts quite in agreement; but it is hoped they will be found intelligible to readers, and mainly correct. The Treasurer's Report got mislaid, but will appear next week.

MONTGOMERY BLAIR says, "although a Democrat, I am no Demagogue." Would he insinuate that other Democrats generally are?

WENDELL PHILLIPS AT COOPER INSTITUTE, OCTOBER 25TH.

MR. PHILLIPS' address on "The South Victorious" before the Fraternity in Boston we reported in full in the STANDARD of Oct. 28. The following extracts are from the speech on the same subject delivered in Cooper Institute in New York, Oct. 25, and formed no part of the Boston address.

MR. PHILLIPS said: Take Mr. Beecher's sermon, published day before yesterday. He thinks the white men of the South ought to come back because they ain't fit to. (Laughter.) That is the whole argument presented. He says: "They are angry, they are soured, they are despondent; you can't expect them to give up their theories in so short a time. I should despise them if they did. Therefore, let them come back." (Laughter.)

There was an old theory that it was good for a woman to marry a rake in order to convert him, but there have been people who protested against making that use of the marriage institution. There is a class of churches which think that you should gather the most abandoned sinners into their fold in order to bring them under good influence. My friend Beecher does not belong to that class. He would not trust the helm of the church to the Five Points. Oh, no. A man is not admitted to the church because he is not fit for it. A man may be pardoned although he be a sinner. A man may be conciliated, considered, excused, sheltered, because he has not given up his theory. But who ever heard of a man's being admitted into participation with the sovereign power because confessedly, by four years' action, he has shown that he is unfitted for it? There never was such a theory propounded in the world before—never.

Mr. Beecher says at the end of his sermon: "Don't be anxious; there never was a man on this continent kept long out of any right that he was fitted for." Bless me! (Laughter.) Dr. Dewey, some years ago, in a Fourth of July prayer in his own church, thanked God that in this favored country we did not know a chain. When he came down from the pulpit a lady said to him: "Doctor, did you think of the slave?" "Mercy," said he, "I forgot all about that." (Laughter.) Now Mr. Beecher says no man on this continent was ever kept long from a civil right for which he was fitted. Look at slavery. Here are negroes at whose feet Ward Beecher would be willing to sit with me, in admiration of the sublimity of Christian virtue which they have shown in the terrible ordeal of this war. There are classes of negroes that have shown the highest reach of patriotic enlightenment, and yet will he be prepared to say that as a class they are not fit for it—for a single civil right? But I know he won't, for I heard him make one of the most eloquent speeches to which I ever listened, even in Faneuil Hall, in which he proved that the right of voting was an inherent and a natural right, and that whether it was or not, the negroes were the fittest people in the Southern country to use it. (Applause.) And yet in this strange theory and stranger foundation he bids us take courage, because no man was ever kept long on this continent out of any civil right for which he was fitted.

These things don't bear examination. Nobody quarrels with Mr. Beecher or anybody else for wishing to conciliate the South and to spare her leaders. I can take almost any name on to my lips except that most infamous of all infamous, the one he undertakes to praise—Robert E. Lee—(applause)—on whose hands rests the whole of the blood of 68,000 starved prisoners in the hells of the Confederacy—(sensation)—lives which one move of his right hand would have saved any time within the last three years of the war. If Robert Lee is fit to be President of a college, for heaven's sake pardon Wirz and make him a professor of what the Scotch call the humanities. (Applause and hisses for some time.) If those men that hiss had seen, as I have seen, the idiotic stare of men whom Lee's cruelty has starved into imbecility, they would never bear, patiently, praises for that most infamous of all generals of the Confederacy, because his power was the most unlimited. Why should a great nation spend its vengeance on the despicable tool at Andersonville, and forget the will and the brain that authorized it? (Applause.) I think in this sermon of my respected friend, he advocates conciliating everybody except the negro, and the preservation of everybody's rights except the negro's. He may wait for his under the broad principle, that nobody in this favored country is kept long out of anything that belongs to him. (Laughter and applause.)

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What does President Johnson represent? He represents his will, with nine States to be reconstructed behind him. He represents the slave-power that conquered in 1850. There are behind him the nine States to be reconstructed; the Democratic party is on his right hand; the Administration party is on his left hand. The slave power, like the serpent in the old legend of Laocoon, has encircled and crushed the life out of the Republican party, and out of Plymouth Church pulpit. (Laughter and applause.) Yes, I respect the impulses of that gallant apostle of liberty, Henry Ward Beecher. But that speech of his is one of the most dismal signs of the times. It might have been made any time twenty years ago. It has the very tone of Northern submission to the slave power of the white race of the South. The very accent, the whole flavor of the speech is worse than the argument. It is the same tone in which Webster talked when he got down low and ate dirt before Southern power. It is the very tone in which Buchanan talked when he got lower than men thought possible. It is that same tone of apologizing for Southern political sins on a different basis from Northern political sins. The President will undoubtedly say in his message that he goes for suffrage, as he said in his interview with Mr. Stearns as a private citizen. If he lived in Tennessee he would advocate it. I have no doubt he would; he has insight enough for that. And Daniel Webster was an Abolitionist, except for the restriction of the United States Constitution. Millard Fillmore talked as good anti-slavery doctrine as I could, only there was a certain parchment between him and acting. Even Franklin Pierce had anti-slavery moments, but no anti-slavery acts. (Laughter.)

There has never been an American statesman that has not put upon record his detestation of slavery abstractly; that is, who has not told us what he would do in his private capacity, only for the United States Constitution over him. But Mr. Johnson will say in his coming message, for I think his conversation with Mr. Stearns foreshadows what that will be: "My feelings are for suffrage. If I were a private citizen I would go for suffrage." What of that? The question is, on what plan do you go for sharing sovereign power again with the defeated white race of the South? That is the question.

Henry Ward Beecher says if the white race hates the negro they will grind him to powder. The question is, will you admit them with the possibility of their doing so? I do not care for your theories; I can wait for them. But I would keep these States fluid, where they are, until men North and South have made up their minds on what conditions we can again venture to share sovereign power with them. I do not want any man harmed. Jeff. Davis will never get his deserts this side of Calvin's or Dante's hell. But I do not want him to get his deserts here. The President may give him back his plantation, for all me. I do not believe our people are capable of the double virtue of punishing traitors and enfranchising the black man. So I will compromise; they may set all the traitors free, if they will only enfranchise the blacks. (Applause.)

TWENTY-NINTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

THE 29th Annual Meeting of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society was held in Agricultural Hall, West Chester, on Friday, the 27th of October, 1865.

At half past 10 o'clock, a. m., the members were called to order by the President, Mr. JAMES MOTT, of Philadelphia, who briefly referred to the condition of the country, and the circumstances under which those present had assembled. The spirit of slavery was still violent in many parts of our country, and even in our own State much remained to be done to secure the freedom of the black man; and it would be a question for the members of the Society to determine what course of action would be most advisable. Whether the Pennsylvania Society would continue to labor on as a Society, or in some other manner, was one which, more than any other, appeared to engage the attention of the members.

On motion of E. M. DAVIS, of Philadelphia, Mr. Alfred Lowe was appointed Assistant Secretary.

On motion, the resolutions, approved by the Executive Committee of the Society, were submitted to the body for consideration by Miss MARY GREW, of Philadelphia.

[The resolutions were published in full in last week's STANDARD.]

Previous to the reading of the resolutions, Mrs. LUCRETIA MOTT, of Boston, said:

These resolutions, I would just say, were accepted and adopted in the Executive Committee. That committee have no prepared or written report to present to this body, but the President has already adverted in brief to the irregularity of our meeting. Almost all that we could say, if we attempted to report would seem to be embodied in these resolutions, and they are set forth in a style that commends itself to us; consequently we were very glad to adopt them as all we were at present prepared to offer to the meeting.

In the American Society and in many of its auxiliaries, it has been the custom to solemnize or attempt to solemnize a meeting like the present by the offering of prayer. It has not been customary here to call for any regular formal offering of prayer; at the same time, there has ever been a freedom and openness for any person present having anything to offer, either in the form of prayer, in an opening address, or in any other way, to do so. But in coming together now, in the gratification we feel in meeting and mingling one with another and exchanging our little words of greeting, it is not so easy for us at once to compose ourselves into that entire silence and quiet which is essential to a proper hearing and appreciation of what shall be offered. I therefore have to request that during the reading of the resolutions there should be such silence and readiness to receive them as would be worthy of such resolutions. And I am sure that upon this occasion of our reassembling, while there is so much to fear for our country and so much to fear in behalf of the poor freedmen, there is at the same time a great deal for us to rejoice in and be thankful for—that we can speak of slavery as having been arrested so far as it has been. And our gratitude is especially called forth in view of the fact that the great overruling principles of justice, mercy, and love, have already effected such great things. May our confidence continue in the Great Ruler of events, that we may not be despairing or discouraged, even though the political world and times around us are full of danger.

I know this is an interruption, and I know I did not ask liberty; but in the commotion that was in the house, I felt it was due to her who offered the resolutions that there should be a more attentive hearing awarded them.

After some discussion as to the propriety of dispensing with a Business Committee, it was finally agreed that no such committee should be appointed, but that any member might offer any resolution to which he desired to call attention, and that all resolutions so offered should be open to full discussion.

MR. ROBERT PURVIS then addressed the Society, more particularly in opposition to the resolution looking to disbandment. He considered the question to be one of vital importance, and one about which very distinctly opposite views were entertained; but it was necessary for the Society to know first, before adopting a proposition to disband, whether slavery was really dead.

In this connection, the speaker read from the New York *Tribune* an article giving an instance of the many outrages at present committed upon freedmen of the South by the white race. He alluded to it as but a sample of every day occurrences, in regard to the demon of slavery, which was more potent than ever in our country; and to put down and destroy which more decided effort than ever was necessary.

[The article referred to gave the particulars of the most brutal treatment of a young colored woman, who, for absenting herself from her master's side, where she was stationed to brush the flies off while he slept, was hung up in a shocking manner, and a scalding liquid allowed to drop upon her neck, shoulders and body, so that she suffered excruciating pain. Some of the Pictorials have illustrated it.]

WENDELL PHILLIPS, of Boston, said:

By the Constitution of this Society, the abolition of slavery is made the object of your organization; and therefore I cannot see what reason there can be for disbanding before slavery is abolished. Is there any man in this hall who can say that slavery is abolished? If there is, I would like to see him. Who abolished it; When was it abolished? What is the evidence that it is abolished? What is the legal act that abolished it? President Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation did not attempt to abolish slavery on a square acre. All he said was that the emancipated slaves in certain districts, which by no means included all the slave States. But he did not abolish slavery within those districts; he merely freed the then slaves. Take the State of Mississippi, for instance. You would have a perfect right, in spite of that proclamation, to import a hundred thousand or fifty thousand slaves from Kentucky and hold them in bondage anew. The proclamation of Mr. Lincoln did not even attempt to abolish slavery; he did not expect to abolish it. The object was to turn the adult black race on our side. In order to do that, it gave them a certain boon—liberty; but so far from its abolishing the system, it is understood that Mr. Lincoln had no right to abolish the system as a war measure.

Well, that being disposed of, what has abolished it? The amendment to the Constitution is a prospective measure. We may have it, and we may not. It is not settled yet. If next December eighty-four representatives from the Southern States are admitted to the House of Representatives in Washington, on the plea and faith that their State legislatures when they meet in January will accept the amendment of the U. S. Constitution forbidding slavery; that is, if they are admitted in December on the promise that they will do an act in January, they never will do that act. No man with common sense in his mind supposes that those States will do that unless they are held to it before the privilege is granted. My evidence of that is their discussions in their own conventions, the talk of their public men, etc., etc. In these, we see the whole spirit of the white race of the South. Roger Pryor said in New York, lately, to the editor of the *Independent*, "If the United States, in June last, had insisted on anything, we should have accepted it gladly; we felt that we had a right to nothing, not even our lives. If then the United States had dictated any terms—suffrage, confiscation, no matter what—we should have accepted them gladly. Now we feel on a different basis." Well, of course, we see in the whole attitude of Southern white men, that he does feel on a different basis, and that anything the Government gets out of him prior to that irrevocable act, the admission to Congress, will be all that it will get. A month intervenes between the meeting of Congress and the meetings of the Southern legislatures, and during that month the Administration, the Democratic party, and all the friends of the rebel States may manipulate Congress to secure the admission of those States. Then we are to trust to their pledge. Now I, for one, am free to confess my strong doubts whether, if that programme is carried out, we shall see the amendment to the Constitution ratified for several years; certainly not in the way that can be considered to abolish slavery. What is the quarrel going on in Kentucky? The slaveholders are insisting on the removal of Gen. Palmer. There has been a trial in Washington, and he came within an ace of being removed on their petition. Can this Society or any other say, that while the slaveholders of a State can make the Government reconsider its action that slavery has ceased to exist? There is the State of Kentucky. If the amendment is not passed, that State has vitality enough to people the whole South with slaves, legal slaves. The amendment to the Constitution therefore has not yet abolished slavery.

As these resolutions state, there is a fair prospect yet. But that depends upon the legislation of Congress in December. McPherson of your own State, I understand, while alleging that he will never make up a list of his own free will that shall include those slave States, prior to the action of Congress itself—maintaining that it would be illegal and dishonorable—even admits that the pressure upon him to do it is very great, very strong indeed. And there can be but little doubt that—if the Administration shall once show its hand in that direction, or the Republican party in caucus on the Third of December, to avoid the quarrels which might otherwise arise, shall take such a stand—McPherson would obey their behests. He would be justified in so doing; and as a politician, he would be bound to do it. If he does it, the hope for the Anti-Slavery amendment becomes very small indeed. And now the legal abolition of slavery hangs on just that consideration. Therefore to vote here that slavery is abolished in such a state of things seems to me to be illogical, without foundation, and without any truth whatever.

Then, thirdly, it is said that *some* of the States have abolished slavery. Well if that were true, that does not include all of them. Only a few—seven or nine—have done so. But they have not submitted their constitutions to the people—not one of them. Now, you know that for the last four years we have been claiming from every quarter that the ordinances of secession, if not void in themselves, would be void in the fact that the State conventions never dared to submit them to the people. It has been the Northern argument. If you have read the *Tribune*, you know that Mr. Greeley has repeated once a month that he did not acknowledge the action of the States, on the ground that the States did not secede; that they never dared to ask a popular sanction of their ordinances of secession. The time has been when Mr. Greeley has added to that, that if the ordinances of secession could be submitted to a popular vote and passed, he, for one, would not object to them. And you know that argument has been very general. Here, then, is a convention of States coming together—how? Why their conventions are appointed almost under a military rule, in the presence of an army, with officers appointed under the Federal Government. That convention assembles and passes a constitution prohibiting slavery, which they dare not submit to the people. The argument is as broad, as ready, and as conclusive as possible, that the whole action is a sham. It was under military duress. The people have not justified it. The same fatal disease that killed the ordinance of secession kills this. It has no popular ratification, and they did not dare to ask for it. Every one knows that if ever there is a party in the South disposed to rally on the basis of serfdom or anything else, that argument will undoubtedly be the first one and the readiest in their artillery. Whether we can answer it remains to be seen. But if the amendment stands, and is guaranteed and ratified by future acquiescence, still it does not cover the whole system. I am now looking at it from the simple legal standpoint from which we have been accustomed to look at it. We have said there stands the Constitution of the U. S.—a covenant with death and an agreement with hell—that we did not care what a man's sentiments were; until it was changed any man under that instrument was a slaveholder. Yet an anti-slavery society rises up and says "slavery is abolished." I confess there is the most entire absence of fact in that statement that I can conceive of.

The speaker stated further that if the Society took the ground that it had about done its work, and that the settlement of the question seemed so near that it should be taken for granted and the armor might be laid aside, it was another matter. If Gen. Grant, when about to enter Richmond, had taken for granted that the Rebellion had caved in and had gone home to Galena, he would have done just as was here proposed. But Grant did not do that. He said, "Before I muster out this Army of the Potomac I will strike the final, unmistakable, unequivocal blow that shall quell military resistance." This Society was now assembled to strike that final, unmistakable, unequivocal blow that should terminate the legal existence of slavery. Until that was accomplished, the speaker held, with all respect for individual opinion, that he who quitted his banner and yielded the post which he voluntarily assumed, turned his back on the duty to which he vowed himself, and left the plow in the furrow. The speaker continued: I have always said that, legally speaking, I put down my banner when William H. Seward puts down his. His banner is the banner of slavery as Secretary of State of a slave-holding Union. We set ourselves to work to make that banner mean the banner of liberty. We have not yet done it. Mr. Sumner, whose name is indissolubly associated with the abolition of slavery, looking upon the rebellion simply in the light of an abolition agency, said to me within a week: "Why, I consider it the darkest and most hopeless hour that the Republic has yet passed."

PARKER PILLSBURY, editor of the ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, was the next speaker. After casually referring to himself as not having spoken in public for several months, and expressing an apprehension that he might be frightened at his own voice, he asked whether it was not evident that the spirit of slavery was still active among ourselves—not to speak of the South. Massachusetts in her last Republican Convention went out of her way to say to Connecticut, where the question of colored suffrage was then pending, "We have no theory of suffrage to propose;" and through Connecticut she spoke also to the rebel States in progress of Reconstruction, "We have no theory of suffrage to propose to you;" and since that hour the rebuilding goes bravely on, the one great question being thus happily settled. So Massachusetts again bent before slavery's altar, and offered as a burnt offering, the honor, the dignity, the sovereignty, the whole history of a hundred years—her noblest Senator, Charles Sumner officiating as high priest of the unhallowed worship. Massachusetts "had no theory to propose"—not her own example even—when that single question was shaking the earth and tossing the seas.

Mr. President—It is only because this question of disbanding our societies comes from those whose names we cannot think of without emotion, nor speak or write without tears, that it can possibly be entertained for a moment. To me, it is the most remarkable proposal of the century. If it came from any lower source than it does, we might suppose those making it on the ground that the work is done, never had any part or lot in the work at all. Why, sir, it sometimes seems to me that infinite wisdom and justice might yet require at the hands of the Abolitionists, all the blood that has flowed in this fearful war. For it cannot be that we have been true to our earlier testimonies. We accepted the war as an honest anti-slavery result, while the whole Government and most of the nation were determined and declaring that it "should not change the status, the condition of a single human being." When Gen. Fremont did attempt to turn the tide of war in Missouri in the direction of Freedom, by a proclamation liberating the slaves of rebels, a sublimer statesmanship than our Senators knew, and a higher military science than West Point ever taught, he was removed from command. The nation accepted his measure with raptures of delight. So glad a morning it had never seen; nor had the world of mankind since the songs of the angels swept along the plains of Bethlehem. But the Blairs and the Border State influence—the sorceries of slavery, still vital began to infuse their deadly virus into the Presidential veins, and we know the fatal results which followed. From that hour slavery has been more or less successful, until now it can almost boast a triumph. If at the cannonading of Fort Sumter we had been faithful to the demands of justice, the nation could not have withstood our influence. We should have taught the Government how "1 the one can chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight." But as a society, we spoke one fatal word, and God only knows the extent of the consequences. We declared our work as Abolitionists was done; that now the American Army is the Anti-Slavery Society, and Winfield Scott is our General Agent henceforth. "On the issues presented in the war," we said, "The North is wholly right, the South wholly wrong;" whereas, that being true, it only showed that the North had been just as guilty as the South, and as much needed repentance, and as rightly deserved the divine judgments. The South said, "You have not kept the compromises." The North denied the charge, and appealed to the records of her suppressing insurrections, of returning fugitive slaves, and hanging John Brown, and many other acts of equal infamy, in all of which she revealed her equal guilt with that of the South. But the Abolitionists were understood to say what they had not said, that the North was wholly right and the South wholly wrong. They never wholly corrected the fearful, if not fatal mistake, and their power over the national conscience was paralyzed, if not for a time, lost. But our wisest and best politicians do not say disband, for your work is done; leave the rest to us. Recently, Senator Sumner called at my office in New York, and entreated that we would renew, as far as possible increase, our energies and efforts to affect the public character in the direction of justice and righteousness, as the only sure foundation of our country's hopes. "Postpone even your literature in the STANDARD," he said, "while freedom is jeopardised, and the rights of man are at stake." And yesterday, on my way from New York to Philadelphia, I had a two hours' conversation with another Massachusetts member of Congress, a worthy, earnest man, and his counsel was the same. "We shall have need," he said, "of all that you can do, for the present is the darkest hour the country has yet seen." Our own vision may mislead us. So, indeed, may the eyeballs of the politicians, the best of them. But in an hour like this, I would reject no counsel that pointed in the direction of humanity and justice; for it must be that it comes from above, even though uttered by profane and selfish lips.

On motion of LUCRETIA MOTT, a Finance Committee of six was appointed. The following persons were duly elected:

Edward M. Davis, Thos. Garrett, Mary Lightfoot, Phelma Heald, J. William Cox, John W. Hurn.

The Society then adjourned to meet at two o'clock in the afternoon.

Afternoon Session.

Pursuant to adjournment, the Society reassembled at the hour appointed.

The CHAIR announced the order of business—the discussion of the pending resolutions and proposed amendments.

MARY GREW, of Philadelphia said:

In the short time alloted to us, it is not possible to compute accurately or thoroughly the wonderful revolutions and strange events which have characterized the past few years, or to enumerate all the triumphs resulting to our cause during that period. But here and there, we may put our finger upon some great event or some fulfilment of prophecy, and realize how satisfactory it is to witness the vindication of Justice and the Right. Perhaps one of the most remarkable and thrilling of those events was the announcement of the South Carolina Convention abolishing slavery. In Convention assembled, in the city of Charleston, the South Carolinians have adopted, by a vote of 38 to 8, such language as this: "The slaves in South Carolina, having been *de facto* emancipated by the action of the United States, neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime (whereof the party shall have been duly convicted), shall ever be re-established in this State."

Friends, only think of it, that that same State of South Carolina which, four or five years ago, we looked upon as the stronghold of slavery, should utter words like these, which, as we read them, seem hardly to mean what we always supposed such words did mean. But much else has been done, and I need not recapitulate what must be familiar to you all. For what has been gained to our cause in the great and marvellous change that has been wrought, our hearts are filled with thanksgiving. We give thanks again and again that the little seed which we had sown has produced such wondrous fruit already. And now, as we look upon these mighty changes, as we read proclamations of emancipation and watch how State after State has come up to the ratification of the Constitutional Amendment declaring the system of slavery abolished; as we read anti-slavery utterances in Southern newspapers, it is the most natural and easy thing in the world that we should begin to ask ourselves if our work is not done. And here, in the midst of our joy and thanksgiving, comes our temptation and our danger in this, that we who have so long labored and striven in this vineyard of God, against the nation, yet for the nation's good as well as for the slave—that we should now say, "Lord, let us depart in peace, for our eyes have seen Thy salvation," and should lay off our armor and be one with the nation, among whom we have been like Ishmaelites for so many years. It is not pleasant to any of us, I imagine, certainly to very few, to be ever striving and struggling against the dominant power in the nation; to be ever in a small minority, unpopular, ostracised and opposed in church or State, or in any manner. No one in a healthy state of mind seeks controversy for its own sake. Therefore, to the truly conscientious reformer, when the time comes when it seems only just possible that his probation is at an end in that respect and that he may with truth to himself and principle to God and to the cause of humanity, be at one with the nation, then comes the temptation; I think it must come. Now it becomes a very serious question to every reformer whether he can consistently and in justice to himself join hands with the church or the State and say, "from henceforth there is no controversy between us. That there is danger to the slave and to the cause of liberty in our country, I need scarcely assert; you have heard the proofs of it here to-day

the negro is not an American citizen under the Federal Constitution. That each and every State of the Union has the unquestioned right of deciding for herself who shall exercise the right of suffrage, is beyond all dispute. You will settle this grave question as the interest and honor of the State demand."

It is of no consequence in this connection whether the Supreme Court of the United States has or has not done what he says; it is enough to know that such is the temper and spirit of the people of South Carolina, if their newly-elected Governor properly represents them, that it is folly to think of extending the right of suffrage to the black man. It is not merely the spirit of the Southern people that we have to take into consideration in deciding upon whether the work of anti-slavery societies is ended, and whether the abolition of slavery is so well nigh completed and the people so nearly regenerated, that we may trust to the community generally that great cause which for thirty years past we have held as especially our own, but the temper of the whole people of the country.

Now when we read in what I suppose may be called the principal organ of the Republican party in Philadelphia such language as this, we may form some idea as to what is the feeling and temper of the better part of the Republican party, if you make the exception of a few men so radical in anti-slavery sentiment that the party would hesitate, if not to endorse them, at least to put them forward as their representative men. The editor of the *Press*, who certainly has a right to speak for that party, says:

"I have always contended that the most forgiving and least cruel people on this continent are the Abolitionists—the old anti-slavery leaders. Till the rebellion forced the war, they were the pioneers and the apostles of every movement of peace. It was, in fact, horror of inhumanity which created that combination against slavery which, when slavery flew to arms, was so overwhelming. It is, therefore, only resuming a natural state of mind when they proclaim their anxiety for reconciliation with the Southern people. One thing remains to make the anti-slavery people ready for the completest restoration, viz: *The assurance that the freedmen will not be left to the tender mercies of the brutal and savage men who were found among their former masters.* It was well said by a great thinker, a few days ago, that unless this assurance was given and clinched by ample legislation and by practical efforts on the part of the late masters, the black population would be simply enjoying a brief interregnum between two degrees of human slavery; one made cruel under what was called law, and the other rendered intolerable because inflicted without law and in the absence of the natural protectors of the freedmen."

I will not weary you with further extracts. You see what is the idea of the better portion of their party. It is not that of placing the suffrage in the hands of the black man. We were told not long ago, at a large public meeting, that we might trust the conscience of the South to take care of the emancipated slave. But I think that Abolitionists will be slow to put any trust in the conscience of the South to care for those black men who but recently were their slaves, and who, at a still later period were fighting against them on the battle-field. We know too much of the temper of the South as it has exhibited itself during the past thirty years, to believe that we can now trust them. And in view of the evidences that are repeatedly coming up to us from the South, as to how they intend to treat the freedmen, the code of laws already proposed for them, and the statement from Mississippi that the general repudiation of everything looking toward the civilization of the negroes may be expected—in view of these testimonies, I say we cannot trust the South with the care of the black man. The Freedmen's Bureau and other associations, philanthropic and benevolent, formed for the protection of the black man of the South, will do all they can; but when the Republican party offers as those organizations as the sole means of protection for this emancipated race, who are left at the mercy of their late masters, we, as Abolitionists, say we cannot trust them there; that we cannot now give up our care and guardianship of that people, nor our demand that full and complete liberty shall be given them in such a way that they can hold it. We want no promise kept to the ear and broken to the heart and hope; but, standing to-day, as we have ever stood, in the slave's place, it is not enough for us that the cry of "liberty" breaks upon our hearing, or that the Proclamation of Freedom is read to us, signed and sealed by the powers at Washington—we must have with that, for ourselves, standing as the slave's representatives, security for that freedom. It would be a hard fate, in my opinion, if after the slave has for a little while been lifted into the light and glory of freedom, he is again, in an evil hour, plunged back into the degradation from which he arose, and which this little glimmering of light has made tenfold more intolerable than before. Friends, when we speak for the slave, we must speak as the slave, and put ourselves, so far as we can do so, in his soul's stead, and stand with him on the Southern plantation, from which the United States armies have driven back his master; we must see those armies gradually receding, and look into the not distant day when State governments shall be reorganized and that to-day partially freed black population shall be left to the tender mercies of the Legislatures of South Carolina, Georgia, and Louisiana. Then let us ask ourselves, as in the olden times we used to ask, how could we wear the slave's chain and bear the slave's agonies? The terrible story of cruelty which we heard read this morning is only one of many tales of horror which for thirty years we have been telling. It is only a legitimate part of that system against which we have fought and struggled. If the Constitutional Amendment be ratified, as I think it will be, there will be an end to chattel slavery, but to nothing short of that. Oppression in every form may be practiced upon the colored race under the code of laws which Mississippi proposes to enact. The name of serf, or peasant, or any other that may suit the taste of the South, may be substituted for that of slave, and the black man put under a bann, the curse of which shall be little less than that of slavery.

The Speaker again referred to the unpleasant and most unwelcome duty which devolved upon those who advocated the principles of Abolitionism in keeping before the nation the plain and incontrovertible facts which sustained their argument and remarked that the black man having learned to carry a musket and having tasted freedom, was better acquainted with the meaning of liberty. She continued:

I do not say that it would be in his heart or in his power to rise against the Government that seeks to oppress him; I do not think the consequences would be other than terrible to himself; but I believe that the nation has failed to learn the lesson which the war has taught if it again tries its hand at oppressing the negro to the utmost limit of its power and of what it deems safety to itself.

Now, my friends, what ought we to do? We should endeavor to urge the conscience of the nation up to the very highest standard of the Right and Justice; we should demand for the slave yet in chains and for the freedman the protection of the suffrage, not because we, as anti-slavery societies, pretend to say what should be the condition of suffrage in the nation but that the white man and the black shall be equally represented in the Government. To this work we must continue to address ourselves by influencing public sentiment by appeals to Congress, by sustaining, directly or indirectly, those men who, next Winter, are to fight out this battle in Congress and who say to us, "help us, back us; we need the agitation which you are keeping up." Not only the Senator from Massachusetts sends that message, but one of our Representatives from Pennsylvania says appealingly, "do not dissolve your societies, stand by those who stand by them; we want your help behind us." And it seems strange that it should be necessary for us to quote what they have said on that subject.

The speaker, in conclusion, argued from the sentiments of the nation that much yet remained to be done before the rights and interests of the black race could be committed to the hands of the people at large.

The committee on the nomination of officers then submitted a report, which was read and adopted as follows:

President—James Mott.

Vice-Presidents—Thomas Garret, Robert Purvis.

Corresponding Secretary—Benj. C. Bacon.

Recording Secretary—Edward M. Davis.

Treasurer—Sarah Pugh.

Additional Members—Lucretia Mott, Mary Grew, Margaret J. Burleigh, Abbey Kimber, Simon Barnard, Wm. Still.

The resolution referring to the decease of Thomas Whitson was adopted unanimously.

Susan B. Anthony, of Rochester, N. Y., was the next speaker. She said something more was needed than mere ministering to the physical or even to the educational and industrial wants of the freedmen; that which was most necessary was the establishment of those fundamental principles of Republicanism which would give to that people a perpetual guarantee of their freedom and of individual protection, thereby enabling them to occupy a position in which they would no longer need the aid of Northern associations. To those associations or to the work connected with them, Abolitionists were not opposed; they only contended that unless the policy of national reconstruction was based upon the true principles of Republicanism there would forever be a need of such associations for the political and spiritual relief of black men. Abolitionists desired to make those aids no longer needful in the country. The speaker then referred to an incident connected with Quantrell's raid in Kansas, in which several black men were instrumental in saving the life of a citizen (an editor of a Republican paper), after two of his sons had fallen victims to the cruelty of the raiders. The mother of those two boys had narrated to the speaker the heart-rending particulars of the affair and appreciated the timely warning of the negroes who had saved her husband's life, yet she could not bear the idea of negro equality or giving them the right to vote. The position in which she stood was this, that while Quantrell and all his raiders—the murderers of her sons—might go to the ballot-box and be admitted to a participation in the affairs of the nation, yet to those friendly negroes who came to her home and were instrumental in saving her husband's life she would accord no such privilege. And this was just the position in which the country stood to-day. As had been stated by Mary Grew, the difference between the advocates of radical anti-slavery principles and that kind of anti-slavery opinion which was popular in the world and was advocated by the multitude was this, that the former spoke and acted from the stand-point of the slave himself, standing in the place of the Robert Smalls and Robert Suttons of the South, who fully and intelligently appreciated all their rights as freemen and citizens. While politicians spoke always with an eye to majorities and the interests of party, church, or whatever interest they might be connected with.

The speaker then presented the claims of the National Anti-Slavery Standard. She stated that at present the number of lecturing agents was small in comparison with the number of those who had been employed in former years, and that consequently a large share of the work of building up the organ by anti-slavery opinion would necessarily devolve upon Abolitionists generally. In conclusion, she proposed the following resolution:

Resolved, That we learn with profound satisfaction that the National Anti-Slavery Standard is to be placed on a broader basis as to its circulation and influence than it has ever before enjoyed; and recognizing its great importance as an educating and elevating influence, we will cheerfully aid, in all suitable ways, the enterprise, and especially by earnest and persevering effort we will increase its list of subscribers as largely as possible in every part of the field over which the operations of this Society extend.

Wendell Phillips then addressed the Society. He said: I want to say a word in regard to that resolution, which may as well be the text of what I have to say to the audience assembled, because in the question of the continuance, circulation, and extension of anti-slavery effort is included the question why that effort is needed, or what are the circumstances of the country which dictate to anti-slavery men perseverance, and even the increasing of their previous efforts for the protection of liberty in this Republic. I would say amen to all that Miss Anthony has asserted in regard to the utility of the journal to which she referred; and I hope for your assistance, but if you feel unwilling to give it, then I think we may be able to do without it. But we would welcome your assistance in placing that journal for sale, as I said this morning, in every news-office in the free States, and, to a large extent, in such offices in the slave States. To do this we have the means in a large extension of its subscription list, and in circulating ten thousand copies to the Radical men of the loyal States, men known for the last ten years for their interest in and their service to the progressive ideas which have agitated the nation and resulted finally in a war.

In turning from that precise point, I meet a series of resolutions and amendments thereto, which were proposed this *morning*, contemplating the question whether and how far the work of Abolitionists is accomplished. I wish to remind every thoughtful man whose life has been connected with this question at all, that it would be very irrational, it would not at all cohere with common sense to suppose beforehand, without at all looking at the facts, that any single revolution, completed in four or six years, could root out of thirty millions of people an institution like that of slavery and the spirit of hatred out of which it grew. I would defy any man who listens to me to show an instance in the whole history of the world where a battle or a political struggle of four, seven, or ten years has ever had that result. National changes are like the tides. As the Welsh proverb says, "Every ninth wave runs farther up on the beach." But you do not gain all that. It goes back almost as far as the point from which it started. And so the waters continue to well up, then retreat, the water in fact gaining an inch or a half-inch, and then months elapsing before it gains another inch. So it is in national changes. The enthusiasm of a period of battle carries the whole purpose and constitutional feeling of a nation ten or twenty years ahead of any spot where it again permanently rests. That is philosophical. It is inevitable. Look at our own revolution. The institutions based upon the Declaration of Independence did not legitimately grow out of, or, if they did, did not extend to the whole principle embraced by the Declaration. It took our fathers twenty and thirty years, in State arrangements, to come up to the Declaration of Independence in regard to the white race. In regard to the black race, Tennessee allowed them to vote, as did some other of the States; Rhode Island and other States marshalled them into the army. But the wave that had gone so high during the Revolution retreated. You might have waited twenty years before any common man would think of a negro being a soldier. We got into the navy in 1812; and in the terrible fight at New Orleans Andrew Jackson fell back to the Revolutionary precedent—a black soldier. But it has taken up to the present moment to realize for the black man even a degree of the Revolutionary principle laid down on the fourth day of July, 1776. In 1789, De Tocqueville says, "France made such an effort as no nation ever made before in the world's history to put a gulf between what the nation had been and what the nation ought to be;" and after making that statement, he concludes, "and when the effort was made the nation was very much what she was before it began; the change was very slight." Then we come down to 1848, when Lamartine, Victor Hugo, and other leading Frenchmen undertook to model that nation into a republic—able men, thoroughly in earnest, with the whole nation in their hands. Everybody thought that monarchy had gone out of France forever; one unbroken wave rolled from one end of the country to the other; you could see nothing of old institutions; but in about eighteen months that apparent deluge subsided, and out of it reappeared the old institutions, and to-day, to every Frenchman's surprise, the principle of monarchy is stronger in France than it was in 1830. Man say that '48 was a great possibility. It was. Every man thought it was going to be a success; but it turns out that it was only a possibility, and amounted to little or nothing. The only record that remains of that day is the abolition of slavery, which was decreed in the storm; everything else that they attempted to do has vanished. Well, this is the history of revolutionary periods always, that at the moment a nation believes it has accomplished everything, and then wakes up and finds, as the French proverb has it, "things are stronger than men." The old prejudice, the national character, the inherited laws, the thousand-year-old customs are stronger than any enthusiasm. The nation wakes up hot, molten, rushes into battle, and thinks to storm down institutions. It is like a sea-bird dashing its brains against a light-house; the thing is done, the enthusiasm passes over, and there is the light-house.

Now, therefore, in calculating the result of the enthusiasm of four years, the newly-created principle, the deeply-moved virture (as you may call it) of the American nation, we may count that it has gained a great deal. But it would be most unparalleled in history if it achieved everything; no man ought to be disappointed if it does not. And I present these considerations to you before proceeding to speak of the real attitude in which you stand; and I suggest to you that a moment's recollection would have shown any man that it was hardly possible, considering human nature and how strong are institutions planted in commerce, property, prejudice, laws and constitutions, that it was at least difficult to change them entirely. It takes a generation or two. I think that when we come to look at the facts we shall see that what has been the case with all other nations at such times seems likely at present to be very largely the case with ours, that this slave power, growing out of the single institution of slavery, which has ruled the country since 1801—perhaps we might say since 1789—has not lost any of its elements of strength; that we shall see it, if the President's plan succeeds, coming back somewhat crippled, but almost unchanged.

The question being upon the amendments pending to the series of resolutions read at the morning session Elijah F. Pennypacker, of Phœnixville, asked for a vote upon the resolutions as a series.

A gentleman in the audience named Greyson of Philadelphia, said that though not a member of the Society he desired the privilege of saying a few words in behalf of the Freedmen's Aid Commission. If the resolutions contained no disapproval of the operations of that Commission, he would be glad to add his vote in their favor. If any reflection upon that body was intended, he would protest so far as in his power against it.

The President—These resolutions, if adopted, express the views of the Society, and any incidental remarks of the individual do not.

The question being put, the resolutions were then adopted unanimously.

The amendments, one of which provided for a disbandment of the Society, and the other for a change of its title, were withdrawn by their original movers.

Mary Grew, of Philadelphia, in some brief remarks, said that the pulpit and press had manifested marked signs of improvement, the newspapers of Philadelphia, the *Press* in particular, showing a commendable degree of improvement in testifying to the injustice practiced upon the colored people in the passenger cars. As heretofore the Society, as Abolitionists, had not failed to rebuke the short-comings of the press, so now they should be ready to commend them. It was for Abolitionists from their stand point to say, come up higher. The resolution offered by Mary Grew relating to Wm. Lloyd Garrison was adopted unanimously.

Previous to the vote being taken upon the series of resolutions offered by the Executive Committee, Alfred H. Love of Philadelphia, addressed the Society in a brief speech during which he advocated a change of the name of the organization.

Wendell Phillips, of Boston, then took the floor and said: I would like to make a few remarks in regard to the matter of a change of name.

Robert Purvis (interrupting)—Allow me to ask a single question though I do so with great reluctance. As may be supposed, in common with some others, I was much gratified with the eloquent speech made by my friend Phillips this afternoon though greatly depressed by the apparently hopeless prospects which he presented. If there is any hope, would he be kind enough in the course of his remarks to giving us the grounds for that hope.

Mr. Phillips resumed—One word as to the speech of my friend who previously occupied the floor. I have a great respect for him and for the anti-slavery comrades who have expressed their views here and elsewhere in regard to a disbanding of our organizations. I wish to say no word that will impugn anything of their motives or of their intelligence, and yet the whole project always affects me with an inexpressible sadness. I never can get it out of my mind that it is the case of a warrior over-anxious to throw off the harness before the battle is ended. Now, I know of no great reform in any country, touching any question, within the last hundred years, that has ever hastened to propose a laying down of its arms before the world recognized that its work was done. Go to England and take the reform closest to ours, that of the corn laws, which culminated in 1846. Take their example. They fought an evil just like ours, anchored inland, planted in prejudice, fortified in wealth; the capitalist hated the laborer almost as much as the white man hates the negro. The first year of their existence, they voted to raise £40,000, raised it, and spent it. Then all England was against them. They converted a few. The next year they voted to raise £50,000, and spent it. They came together another year and voter to raise £100,000 and raised it. The London *Times* said the League had raised £100,000, and told the anti-leaguers to read their doom in that fact. Sir Robert Peel went out of office and told the Queen, "I cannot continue your minister on the principle of a tax on bread." The Queen sent for his rival and tried to form a ministry. The other lord said, "I cannot form a ministry on any political basis without the repeal of the corn laws." The Queen then sent for Sir Robert Peel, and he said, "If I come in, I must come in on a pledge for the repeal of the corn laws." Just at that moment, the Corn Law League meets. It stood just as we stand to-day. Sir Robert Peel driven out of office on one plea had come in on another. The sturdy Englishmen, Cobden and Bright, and all their associates assembled in the old room, looked out upon the broad fields and found all England converted. Ireland over the channel was starving, the Prime Minister of England not only owned his conversion, but told the Queen he would not hold office on his old principles. Did it not seem that the bread tax was abolished? The only man that could form a ministry said, "I will not form it except on the basis of abolition." What did the corn law leaguers say? They moved to raise — what? Five thousand pounds to eke out the year? No. Two hundred and fifty thousand pounds to let the English nation know that they were pledged to see that cause through; and before they left the room £90,000 were pledged for that purpose. They went out to their constituents; they ignored Robert Peel and his pledges, as well as the government itself. They said, "our work is not done, and until it is done we are a league, and we will show the world that we are not playing with this question, we will raise £250,000 this year—this too at a time when it seemed that in ten days the question would be settled. When Sir Robert Peel came into Parliament and proposed his measure, they adjourned again and said—what? Why, we adjourn for the present with the power in the President to call us together, and spend the remainder of £250,000 if any question should arise." Now that I call pluck. That was saying, "gentlemen, we are not weary of the fight, our shoulders are not sore with the armor; if there is anything between the cup and the lip to defeat this question, know you we are here, marshalled, organized." And Robert Peel pulls down his flag before Richard Cobden pulls down his. Now I would like to see the same devotion, fidelity, and sincere attachment exhibited here. When the Government comes and informs us that slavery is abolished, we will take down our flag. Until they do, there it is. Why do we change it? Our friend wants an Equal Suffrage Association. In heaven's name, let him have it. There is no reason why he should not have one, and a temperance society beside, and women's rights in addition to that. But the Anti-Slavery Society will not take down their colors until there is not a slave's chain from here to the Gulf. A fugitive slave can yet be arrested in Ohio under the Constitutional provision, and we sit deliberating whether we shall take down our banner. So far as concerns the Freedmen's Associations, I believe that so long as men talk about *freedmen* it is an evidence that there is in the Northern mind, an old, lingering prejudice in favor of a division of caste in this country. I hate that word *freedmen* for that latter "d."

The speaker, at this point, was interrupted by a suggestion from a member that the collection should now be taken up, which was done. He then resumed, referring to the fact that during the late war the nation was battling for an instinct, for the idea of nationality. An appeal to that instinct was sure to meet with a response. The man who hated the negro most, the Democrat, was willing if he could save the flag that the negro should fight; the people would admit of no division of sentiment in that question. So that when the country stumbled in its leaders, like Niagara going over its cataract, it could not be stayed. But we had survived that period. The President had announced one flag, and the South had consented to that; we had therefore got on to a new plane, launched into a new channel. The question now was one of politics, of principle. Is that man entitled to the vote? Is the ballot necessary for his safety and ours? On this men differed; one man says, "I think he is, but it will come in time;" another says, "he should not vote unless he can read;" another, "I do not think the negro should vote at all." Thus it would be seen that you had not got down to that level upon which all the people joined together; it was one upon which parties divided. You could not appeal to the people now for unity of action. Mr. Johnson had called back into life the Democratic party and divided the Republican party; the question was no longer one of instincts but of ideas; and upon ideas men of different cultivation separated. Judged fairly by his speeches and actions, an analysis of President Johnson's mind would show that it contained but two central ideas; state rights and colonization. These were the two roots out of which Johnson's whole policy grew. He had not outlived or outgrown them yet.

The Slave Power was again placing its shackles on Northern action. Well, I am asked by my friend here, "how are you going to resist it." I will tell you. We are to have a greater spirit than has been evinced by political organizations. I alluded to-day to Dr. Breckenridge, of Kentucky. Let me now read his exact words: "That any State, left to itself, will ever bestow suffrage on a mass of slaves of a different race, suddenly set free by a paramount authority and nearly equal in number to the rest of its inhabitants, is an event that will hardly be witnessed in this world. That in any State where slavery never existed, or where it has long ceased to exist, a white race, both cultivated and predominant, will ever give suffrage of its own accord to a black race resident with it, equal to itself in number and greatly beneath it in civilization, is an event contrary to the common judgment of mankind and wholly impracticable in itself." He goes on to repeat his statements over again and finally says: "I am in favor of the negroes having only decent protection." How is that avowal on the part of the South which our position is to elicit—how is that avowal to come except by a demand bolder than that of the Republican party? You can get no denial unless you make an affirmation. The President affirms nothing, the Republican party affirms nothing; there must be a nucleus large enough to attract the attention of the country. Let them know that behind and below all Governmental action there is the unsatisfied conscience of the Northern people to have these things put on record by the South.

Then again the moment those eighty men enter Congress, what will be their first question? Finance. The moment the South is rehabilitated as a political power, she must fill her coffers. Now, the Democratic party are undertaking to talk about the repudiation of the interest, that the debt should not be taxed. Do you suppose they expect to carry it? No; not at all. What do they want? This: they want to drag finances into politics, to thoroughly alarm the bondholders of the Northern States. When they have done that, they will say, "Gentlemen, do you want to strengthen your position; you have a great deal to hazard; you have these bonds; they are in the vortex; do you want to take them out? Very well, assume the Southern debt and we are a band of brothers. While that matter is being discussed, where do your seven-thirties go? Down to seventy. Do you hold anything in a national bank? do you hold any greenbacks? have you any seven-thirties laid by? Do not think this is a negro question to-day; for if you want to sell those seven-thirties, it is a question for you to consider. As sure as the South gets back, you will not sell your greenbacks at par for a long time to come. Now the first question to be discussed is one that will throw all the capital of the country into the quandary of asking how in heaven's name can we put this political power that threatens to play with the national credit like a foot-ball into hands that will redeem it from national bankruptcy. And then their eyes will be opened to see that only in extending the vote to every man that is loyal and sympathizes with our side are you to save the pecuniary condition of the nation.

The speaker held that the Mississippi system of labor was similar to the Jamaica system, which the English Parliament rose to abolish. He illustrated the effects of the latter system and remarked that if carried out in the South under the lead of Mississippi, the most deplorable consequences were likely to ensue. Colt's revolver factories were running day after day, and revolvers meant something. It was not impossible that bloody scenes would be enacted in South Carolina, which would be utter disaster to the negro as well as to all hopes of agricultural success for years to come. And if the Government insists upon putting down the disturbances of the South, the Northern people will be called upon to do it; the South cannot do it. This was the condition into which the President's policy beckoned us. The speaker had very little fear for the future. Abraham Lincoln could not balk the nation and Andrew Johnson could not defraud the nation out of what the army, the navy, and the anti-slavery agitation of late years had won. What had been earned by anti-slavery advocates was the ear of the nation.

In reply to some statements of the London *Spectator* among others that reconstruction, according to Johnson's policy, evidently meant that the South in surrendering slavery had no intention of surrendering caste, and that within twenty years the aristocratic and Democratic systems would again be brought into armed collision, the speaker said that he would have Charles Sumner, Thaddeus Stevens, and Ben Wade to rally, not the party—for there was no Republican party and it was a fraud to talk of it—but the vast mass of political atoms swimming on the surface of the national river and which next winter would divide according to their affinities. The President should be impeached by Congress, as lacking fidelity to his oath. He was surrendering the North to the Confederacy as much as Sherman would have surrendered to Johnston in the terms which he offered. He has overruled all the laws of Congress; he has appointed men and sent them down to the South with no single element of legality about them, smiting Congress in the very face. If there ever was a time when the weapon of impeachment ought to be taken from the national arsenal, it is now.

The speaker also stated that there was no national probability that a nation so debauched by prejudice against the negro and toleration of slavery was capable of being saved by a single war. We had gotten far in advance of our present position, but President Johnson debauched the national conscience. He was not alone to be blamed, for if one single member of his cabinet had ever gone to him and said: "Sir, that policy is suicidal, it is wrong; you ought to give the negro his rights, the speaker would have held the President excused. But no member of his cabinet, Northern born as many of them were, had even said to a Tennessee President, "Sir, you are wrong."

The speaker, in conclusion, added that in 1868 President Johnson would be forgotten; the only two aspirants for the chair in that day being Grant and Sherman. One would represent bondage, and the other, if Abolitionists would do their duty, must represent justice or not be elected. The Democrats know that unless the Radicals do their duty, Sherman will go to the White House. The only man that can be used against him, Grant, must be made to represent something that Sherman does not. What Sherman would represent was well known, but Grant should represent what Sherman does not; and we must have a full voice in saying what that representation shall be. The South, by Johnson's plan, stands victorious to-day; and unless a popular revolution that no man can withstand breaks out before the 4th day of December next, the South will be victorious for a dozen years to come. Gird up your loins and prepare to do your duty. You have not yet seen the bloodiest days of this movement; in the coming years, the fighting is to be as close, perhaps as terrible, as any you have yet seen. The elements of hatred, of national injustice, are not drawn out of the national conscience; "we have scotched the snake, not killed it." Whether Andrew Johnson is a traitor or not, whether he means bad or good no matter, he is an obstacle which is either to crush us or to be crushed by us. Unless this movement culminates in a spirit which it has never seen before, the Democratic party will return in 1869, seven fold more desperate and wicked than before. I am willing to work out for my country's sake the twenty years that may be left me, to save the nation. I do not believe there is virtue enough in the American people to rally before Congress meets to prevent the deed that is contemplated. It is too late. The deed is almost accomplished. It will be a miracle if it be averted. What I have to say in this, perhaps my last speech to the Abolitionists of this locality, is to see to it that you relax no single energy under the idea that your work is accomplished. It is true that Lincoln might have saved us in a single revolution had he possessed the heart of Fremont, but he lacked that, and we are handed over to the usual national record—a succession of revolutions.

Edward M. Davis, of Philadelphia, announced to the audience, and for the especial benefit of those who had contributed, that the cash receipts from the collection just taken up were greater than they had been at any similar collection for several years.

The Society then adjourned.

Aid for the Starving People of Alabama.—A meeting of prominent citizens was held in Wall street, on Monday, says the *Evening Post*, for the purpose of hearing statements from Gov. Parsons of Alabama, and Gen. Swayne, in relation to the condition of the people of Alabama.

It appeared from the statements of the speakers, that *one-fifth* of the population of Alabama are entirely destitute. It is expected that an organization will be perfected in this city, and an appeal be made to the public to aid the residents of Alabama.

At the meeting Simeon Draper, Henry Ward Beecher, Theodore Tilton, Senator Morgan, Gen. Dix, Moses H. Grinnell and others were present.

Our Boston Correspondence.

Boston, November 6, 1865.

I formerly mentioned to you, I believe, "The Public Safety Association of Boston and Massachusetts," a combination of distillers and rum-sellers for the purpose of removing such obstructions as the State law and its officers interposed to the convenient and promiscuous sale of their poisons. The purposes of this body have been so far accomplished that they now direct an advertisement in the public prints, "To the Liquor Dealers, Grocers and Apothecaries of Massachusetts," stating that they have thus far been successful in preventing any sentences of their members, and that they have placed all their cases in a proper situation to be favorably determined. They therefore invite "all persons interested in the trade of selling liquors," throughout the State, to join their "*Public Safety Association*," and obtain its protection. It appears that they reckon Apothecaries in the class of persons thus described, and perhaps correctly. At least none of them have repelled the imputation as an insult.

If parties join before being prosecuted they pay twenty-five dollars. Joining after prosecution they pay fifty dollars.

The protection thus promised is given by furnishing bail to rumsellers brought before the Police Court, and sustaining them in an appeal to a higher Court. The Association publish the names of seven lawyers as their counsel (some of them respectable men), and notify culprits that any of their counsel will attend to each case, in whatever part of the State, whenever specially requested, without extra charge to the members. What disposal of these cases will be made in the upper Court remains to be seen. All that money and organization can do to protect the criminals will be done, and the result will be anxiously looked for, alike by the rumsellers on one side and the friends of temperance and good order on the other.

A Commission appointed by this year's Legislature to consider and report on the Hours of Labor, or the time which should be fixed by law as constituting a day's work, has had several sessions in the State House, hearing testimony upon that point from physicians, contractors, laboring men and others. This movement is still in progress, but, to arouse public attention more fully to the subject, a Workingmen's Meeting was held in Faneuil Hall last Thursday evening. It was attended by an immense audience, earnest in feeling and enthusiastic in spirit. Letters of sympathy in the movement were read from Gen. Butler, Hon. Alexander H. Bullock, and other gentlemen invited, who were unable to attend, and speeches were made by Mr. Babcock, the Chairman; Maj. Mahan, Wendell Phillips, and others.

Mr. Phillips, who was greeted with hearty and prolonged applause both at the beginning and end of his speech, introduced it by saying that his first address upon that platform was made twenty-nine years ago, and was in opposition to slavery. He felt then that he was speaking for the cause of the laboring man; and if the present speech should be the last of his life, he would be glad to have it in the same strain, in defence of laboring men and their rights. Then, and through all the intervening years, the struggle had been to resist the claim of ownership of laborers by capitalists. That claim is now somewhere near its end, and the struggle is now to be commenced to define and arrange the true relations of capital and labor. The problem of to-day is to make the chances for life as nearly equal as possible between the child of the laborer and the child of the capitalist; and before this movement stops, every child born in the nation must have an equal chance in life.

He understood the present effort to be to give the laborer more leisure, in order to make him more comfortable and more intelligent. The first point being attained, the second and third would necessarily follow. History declared that greater knowledge as well as more comfort resulted from giving the laborer time for other concerns besides labor. The method of doing this work was to face the present erroneous ideas, and systematically apply reason and right to the work of changing them. Laboring men must work to learn the truth and to diffuse it, as well as to earn their daily bread; and the way to diffuse it, the way to make newspapers and public men discuss the labor question, was to form a political organization, and arrange that no man shall go into office in this State who opposes the doctrine that eight hours shall be a day's work. He advised the workingmen to imitate the tenacity of the Abolitionists in adhering to a single issue.

The resolutions adopted by this meeting declared, in substance, that the practical measure for American statesmanship to adopt is the National, State and Municipal legislation and action necessary to secure a reduction of the hours of labor to eight per day; that the legislation necessary to secure this is; 1st. A law making eight hours a legal day's labor in the absence of a written agreement, said agreement not to hold good longer than the first day of January, following. 2d. A law prohibiting any company incorporated by the laws of the State from employing laborers or operatives more than eight hours a day. 3d. A law forbidding the employment of minors, under eighteen years of age, more than eight hours a day. 4th. A law forbidding the employment of minors under eighteen years of age *after* eight o'clock in the evening, or *before* four o'clock in the morning. 5th. The appointment of commissioners with full power to investigate and prosecute all violations. 6th. Resolutions instructing our Senators and Representatives in Congress to use all their influence to secure the eight-hour system for all navy yards, arsenals and workshops controlled by the United States Government; and 7th. Municipal regulations by the Aldermen and Common Council, making eight hours a day's labor for every man employed by the city, or by contractors who employ help upon work paid for by the city. They call upon our Representatives in Congress to use their influence to secure the eight-hour system in national work-shops and navy-yards; and declare that in the coming city election the workmen will ask but one question of all candidates, viz: "Will you, if elected, use all your influence to secure the eight-hour system for every laborer and mechanic employed by the city of Boston, by contractors or otherwise, and at the rate of pay usually allowed in the ten-hour system."

Our Copperhead *Courier* is jubilant over two speeches of Revs. Henry Ward Beecher and R. S. Storrs, D.D., on the negro question. Its extended report of them is headed by these conspicuous sentences;

"Emancipation not the work of a day."

"Warm encomiums on President Johnson."

"The elevation of the Negro to be left to Him and Southern Legislatures."

The speech of Mr. Beecher (though combining with its vicious features a good deal of truth) is bad enough to account for the hearty commendation it receives from the worst enemy of the blacks in Boston. Its tendency is to diffuse the idea (among those who have confidence in the good judgment of the speaker) that there is little reason to fear in regard to the treatment of the Southern blacks by their former masters. I take it, says Mr. Beecher, that "as a class, they will have the best of treatment from them!" And he dissuades from plain-truth-speaking in regard to the past and present character of the ex-slaveholders on the ground that it will not "incline the Legislatures of Southern States to grant to this population round about them the full exercise of their civil rights." That depends. If the reconstruction of those States shall be so effected that their Legislatures shall be composed of men *loving and laboring for impartial freedom* instead of merely acquiescing in the compulsory abolition of chattel slavery, this plain statement of truth from the North will be of the greatest service in warning them against impending danger, alike to the blacks and the nation. The business, nay, the imperative duty of lovers of liberty at this time is to strive that unconverted rebels, unconverted slaveholders, and open advocates of *caste* may be *kept out* of legislative and executive stations, both State and National. Every working moment until this point shall be decided is more precious than gold; but the whole tendency of Mr. Beecher's speech is to lull men into perfect security upon this point.

In short the tendency and apparent *animus* of Mr. Beecher's speech were well suited to remind one of his sermon lately printed in the N. Y. *Times*, and corrected (without much amendment) in the *Tribune*; of which even our moderate *Advertiser* said—"The *Independent* of last week had an editorial commenting *with just severity* upon Mr. Beecher's sermon." If these two productions of the pastor of Plymouth Church express his present idea, we can easily believe the story, now current, that he lately sent to Washington to assure the President and the heads of Departments that he did not now write the editorials of the *Independent*.

Dr. Storrs encouraged the same sort of quiescence for the present, which had been favored by Mr. Beecher, saying that it seemed to him "that the public mind of the North was in danger of getting into a state of morbid apprehension in regard to the state of questions which are still to be discussed and still to be settled." Perhaps he thinks, too, that the people of your city are now in a state of morbid apprehension about the advent of the cholera, and that the state of their tenement houses may as well be left unregarded for the present!

It is rather curious that these two speeches should have been made before the "American Missionary Association," a body which has always born a manful and Christian testimony against slavery. But several strange things have happened this year. North.

OBITUARY.

Died, in Kennett township, near Hamorton, on second day, the 2d of 10th mo., of typhoid fever, Eusebius Barnard, aged 68 years.

He was a native of Chester county. He was a man of the strictest integrity, faithful in every relation of life, a devoted husband, a wise and generous father, a good neighbor, and kind and sympathizing friend. For many years he was an approved minister in the Society of Friends; but in 1853, acting upon his convictions, he took part in organizing the religious Society of Progressive Friends, of which he was ever afterwards a valued member. He was, however, no sectarian, but a lover of all that seemed to him good in every religious society, and it was his study to promote the religion of goodness and charity in distinction from the religion of creeds and forms. He was helpful and generous to the poor, and charitable to the erring; and he cherished an unwavering faith in the progressive development of the human race.

He had no dread of death, and in his last hours exhibited a serene trust in the goodness of God, as well as an abiding faith in the glories of the future life. His funeral was attended by a large assembly of his relatives and friends who felt that in his death they had been bereaved, and manifested the tenderest sympathy with his sorrowing family.—*Com.*

Special Notices.

Mrs. Frances E. W. Harper, of Boston, has prepared two Lectures upon "The Lessons of the War," and "The "Claims of the Negro," which she will deliver to Lyceums, etc., as requested. Application may be made direct to Mrs. Harper, No. 16 Blossom st., Boston. She has permission to refer to Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Esq., Rev. Messrs. R. C. Waterston, John T. Sargent and Leonard A. Grimes, Charles W. Slack, Esq., and Mrs. J. C. Johnson, 78 Temple st.

Mrs. Harper has excellent testimonials from Mrs. Lydia Maria Child, from the Boston *Commonwealth*, Philadelphia *North American*, Worcester *Transcript*, and other influential sources, as to the character of her Lectures; but to those who hear her, she is her own recommendation. She has kindly offered to receive subscriptions for the Standard.

Advertisements.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for November, now ready, contains articles on Physiognomy, Physiology, Entmology, Phrenology, and Psychology, with Portraits, Characters, and Biographies of Distinguished Men. Also on Free Trade and Protection; on Love and Lovers; The Soul, Beauty, Vigor and Development; Celibacy; Moral Philosophy; Instinct of Animals; Integrity; When to Trust; Religious Fervor without Honesty; Answers to Correspondents; New Books, etc. Only 20 cts. Newsmen have it. Address Messrs. FOWLER & WELLS, 389 Broadway, N. Y.

IMPORTANT TO COLORED SOLDIERS.

THEY ARE ENTITLED TO SAME BOUNTY AS WHITE SOLDIERS.

All who have not been paid their Government bounty, should apply at once to United States Army Agency, No. 64 Bleecker st., New York City, either in person or by letter, and bring or send Discharge Papers. 26 2t

FREE TRADE vs. A TARIFF.—Both sides of the question, by distinguished writers, in the November No. PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. 20 cents. $2 a year.

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BEAUTY, VIGOR and DEVELOPMENT, by Gymnastic exercises, by walking, rowing) swimming, riding, etc., in November No. ILLUSTRATED PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. 20 cents. $2 a year.

PINEAPPLE CIDER

Dr. Talbot's Concentrated Medical Pineapple Cider

Will cure you if you are sick; and if you are well will prevent sickness. See long advertisement in the *Ambassador*, from Oct. 1864 to April 1865. Send for circular. One oz. sample bottle mailed free on receipt of 30 cents for postage.

B. T.

Miscellaneous Department.

TO WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

[A translation of the Greek dedication of Atalanta in Calydon. From the *Round Table.*]

THOU from the North returnest, heralded
By summer airs; and over summer seas
By sweetest breathing nymphs divinely led,
Teaching thee songs of mystic charm to please
Poseidon's self; that never angry wind
Nor angry wave may harm thee. Such thy skill.
But we, thy friends, left sadly here behind,
With straining eyes desire thee, longing still!
The Sacred Nine, meanwhile, are whispering 'Lo!
At last he comes! best loved of mortals! now
With laurels green to bind his brows of snow
And pluck new fruits from off an ancient bough.
Or from the oaten pipe, or from the strings
His aged hands will summon new delight:
In many moods the various master sings.
Him oft Apollo, on some breezy height
Stretched at his length upon the fragrant ground
And lulled in dreams beneath the sounding trees
Hath come upon; and, finding him, hath crowned
With springing blooms, and filled with melodies!
Pan he hath sung; the unforgetting Pine;
The ill-omened bird; the Hamadryad fair
Loved by a mortal; and beneath the brine
Cymodameia, soothed in chambers rare
Of gravely gladsome light; the martyr-child
Of Agamemnon; and the implacable wrath
Hunting the mad Orestes, blood-defiled,
To sacred Delphos on a haunted path!

COOKING AS A FINE ART.

From the N. Y. Tribune.

MONSIEUR BLOT'S ACADEMY—INTERIOR ARRANGEMENTS AND PROCESS OF THE CUISINE.

As James Watt, canny Scot, when of tender years, sat in the chimney corner, and resting his scientific elbows on his philosophic knees, pondered the problems of steam, so our excellent Monsieur Blot, best of cooks, and politest of Gauls, immaturely gazed on the charcoal brasier, and in imagination invented soups and improvised entrees. This bit of history was revealed to us in a cream cake of Monsieur, as a fish's scale unfolds to Agassiz the career and possibilities of its finny possessor.

Entering the Cooking Academy we are met on the threshold by our guide, philosopher, and friend, who informs us, to our dismay, that to-day celebrates not the opening, but more properly the re-opening of the school, and that the dozen nymphs and goddesses assembled on the benches constitute a portion of his advanced class. Nevertheless, neophyte as we are, we are most welcome. He, protecting Æneas, will take us by the hand, while we, the young Iulus, follow with unequal steps. Allow him the pleasure to offer us pencil and paper to set down his instructions.

Abashed to find our ignorant self in the presence of twelve accomplished cooks, we accept the paper and retire into obscurity behind it. Emerging by degrees as the severe attention of the twelve becomes directed to the business of the hour, we examine curiously, yet reverently, the temple of Hygeia, goddess of Health.

It is a large room, well lighted, and furnished with many benches, a table or two, a safe for food, and the black, uncomely range—the sooty, conquered Caliban, who does without murmuring the will of the Prospero. The bare walls and uncovered floor shine with cleanliness; the three windows are crystal clear; at a long table between the range and the benches stands a slender Frank, white-capped, white-jacketed, white-aproned, and girded about with clean napkins, who might be a poet, but who *is* the dexterous pair of hands which the clever brain of Monsieur Blot animates.

Against the wall, and on a side table, and under that table, and about the range, but no where confusedly, are whole families of saucepans, tribes of pots, nations of pans, and races of porcelain kettles, sieves from infancy to well-developed maturity, boxes of all ages, spoons, pewter, wooden, plated, whose "infinite variety" rivals Cleopatra's, and a collection of knives, large and small, pointed and blunt, but all of a glittering keenness. The boxes clearly labeled, contain spices, sugar, salt, rice, and other appliances. Amidst the orderly disorder stands a crystal vase filled with gorgeous Autumn flowers.

A black-board between the windows announces the bill of fare.

Potage puree a la Reine,	Sea bass, baked,
Fillet of beef, larded, with tomato sauce,	Chicken sauti a la Marengo,
Cauliflowers au gratin,	Stuffed tomatoes,
	Choux a la creme.

The hour strikes. The brain nods intelligence to the hands which take up their labor. The Professor begins his instructions. To these votaries he has already explained his theory of art. There remain to be disclosed to them only the fine practices—to be exhibited the delicate results of his processes, which, he is certain, will reward their most serious attention.

Twelve note-books appear, and twelve pencils hover expectantly over the paper.

The soup, we discover, already exists in the embryo, for a French artist never allows his soup kettle to leave the range, where it gently and contentedly simmers, ever ready to receive the awkward knuckles which must not disfigure the pretty side-dish, the marrowy bone whose unsightliness banishes its succulence from the platter, the trimmings of the shapely joint, the skimmings of the turbulent pot whence savory chickens or a tender leg of veal send forth appetizing prophecies.

Soup being incipient then, we are requested to consider the fillet, which must be treated first, as requiring longest baking. Upon the fillet we concentrate our gaze, and we learn that it weighs five pounds, that it is carefully cut and trimmed, and, altogether, a credit to its bovine originator. Baking, Monsieur explains, is at best an ill substitute for roasting. The juices are dried, the meat is toughened. Nevertheless, he flatters himself, when the joint is dressed, and cooked as he advises, the injuries which the oven inflicts are in a measure overborne, and the wronged and royal beef "shall hae his ain again."

Pervaded with sympathy for the beef, and mentally heaping objurgations on the oven, we hang on the next words of the philanthropic Professor. The assistant under magnetic control, no words being spoken, slices a carrot, reduces an onion to impalpable grains of odor, adds salt and pepper, lays the larded beef in the pan upon this vegetable basis, pours a ladleful of broth over it, and sets it over the fire, where the liquid boils furiously, and the beef smokes. Monsieur explains that this sudden application of extreme heat slightly incrusts the meat, keeps the juices pent within, and makes it therefore nutritious, while basting it frequently with the broth keeps the surface tender.

We turn now to the tomatoes. One of the flashing knives describes an equatorial circle round eight polished, scarlet spheres, and they are hemispheres. The acidulous contents being scooped from the ruddy bowls into a shining saucepan, bread crumbs—which in this skilful *ménage*, put on a hundred dainty and toothsome disguises—the delicatest spices, and a suspicion of onions rush together to form the stuffing which your new-born confidence in Monsieur Blot assures you will be excellent. And now it is time to turn the fillet still bubbling on the range.

Soup, beef, tomatoes being all under way, let us examine the cauliflower. Potatoes, explains Monsieur, being very expensive, we do not to-day cook them. American housewives cherish the potato, but at times it is extravagant and it is never indispensable. These tomatoes with their stuffing shall be found very good. The cauliflower, refined by our process of cooking, shall not remind you of its coarse family, the cabbage, and really, in this dinner so admirable, there is no place for the potato. A contempt for that esculent forthwith possesses us, and we sigh over wasted postal currency ignorantly spent therefor.

Well then, cauliflower is boiled with a drop of milk in the water to give it whiteness, and, being boiled, a delicious dressing is poured around it—the basis of every sauce and every gravy being drawn from the inexhaustible and pervading soup-kettle. Then, a pale island in a sea of sauce, whose uneven summits are white with the inevitable bread-crumbs, it is lost in the yawning oven. Meanwhile the fillet is the third time turned, and if we had not seen it quietly inurned in the oven, we could aver that it was turning on a spit, so positively, through its savory fumes, it declares itself a roast; and the tomato-juice, being quite done now, is whisked from the range, returned, apotheosized, to its native cells, bread-crumbs again, oven again, and we wait while hope becomes fruition.

Not idly though, for in some imperceptible atom of time between the ripe state of two dishes the nimble cook has found space to make the paste for his cream-cakes. A little flour, a little butter, a little water being gathered to their final saucepan, the master subdues them with a wooden-spoon and the power of a giant. Eggs add themselves, apparently of their own volition, and the delicate compound is ready in the twinkling of an eye.

While the paste cools, the patient bass has *his* turn. Another knife, slender as the blades of Damascus, meanders down his right side, and makes sharp vertical incisions in the left, that the dressing may penetrate and flavor the fish. Then its sauce—broth, of course—with magical spicery, and the plump bass follows the fillet, and becomes a memory.

And now the chicken *sauti*. Two small fowls are dissected in a breath. The fine plump pieces for the waiting saucepan, the scraggy bits for the expectant soup-kettle. *Sauti*, explains Sir Oracle, is not *fry*. Frying can be made palatable, and not unhealthy; but frying as practised in most American kitchens disengages the fatty acids, toughens the meats, and produces a disgusting and indigestible result. Look, now, the chicken is placed in this pan already heated, an atom of butter is added that the bits may not burn to the dish, and the well meaning fowl developes his tenderest possibilities. Beef steak cooked in this way will be found excellent.

While the chicken simmers, the cream-cakes are baking, the tomato sauce is prepared. Then the lid of the soup-kettle is lifted, and out comes a venerable fowl whose presence we had not suspected. This chicken, explains the tutor, was old and tough, and therefore cheaper. But by long and skilful boiling, being at first only allowed to simmer, that the juices might be given out, it will be found entirely tender. The soup is already *flavored;* we will take a bit of the white meat, which, chopped very fine, shall give richness to the broth, and to-morrow the contingent remainder of the chicken shall reappear in a delicious *salmi*, called of the vulgar *hash*. And now, continues Monsieur, we have but to take up this little dinner, so easily prepared, and taste if it be not excellent.

Dinner ready, we inaudibly murmur in amazement! Why, Jean Cook has but frolicked with the sauce-pans, and coquetted with the oven, and played fantastic tricks with the meat and vegetables. At home, dinner is the tyrannical, the overshadowing event of the day, and here it is a charming pastime. This is not cooking. This is bewitching chemistry. This is the engaging sport of two idle hours. And the dishes are not real, but odorous tricks of fancy.

Nevertheless they *are* real, and most toothsome. For, being delicately served in their order, we taste, and taste again. No watery soup, no stringy beef, no tasteless fish, no ill-done vegetables, no vulgar spices and over-flavored compounds. But Jove and his court might sit at this board, and count the Olympian housekeeping a coarse mistake.

And yet these materials are daily in our kitchens; daily pass under eye of mistress and hand of cook, and have no such admirable account to render of themselves, because neither mistress nor cook knows how to evoke the latent capacities of each. And then the fine economy of this *ménage!* A grain of rice, superfluous here, fills its exact place there; a bone, impertinent in this dish, is a necessity in that; a scrap of stale bread is translated into celestial uses; a bit of suet rising on the kettle must be kept as religiously as the Decalogue. And the fire which bakes must stew, and not only stew, but broil; and not content with broiling, be forced to boil; and not yet fulfilling its possibilities, must steam as well, and heat the flat-irons also. Neither may the cook wait idly for hither stew-pan to bubble and further pot to boil. The nimble hands of this wise alchemist tend crucible and alembic and retort, each in its turn, and just at the moment the fine gold of this most excellent dinner is fused in each.

Bad food is poisoning us as a nation. We ourself, who have bought seventeen cookery books in seven years, walk from dyspeptic bread and leathery steak to our desk and our duty. American wives cannot make calls, and entertain visitors, and retain the three languages they learned at school, and keep up their music, and look after the babies, and do the family sewing, and read the *Tribune* daily, and cook beside; simply because there are but twenty-four hours in their day, and no elastic management will stretch them into twenty-eight or sixty-eight, which would not be too many for the drafts they are expected to honor. The legs of the cooking-stove have crushed out fairer lives and gayer hopes than the wheels of Juggernaut. Our matrons, who should be smiling, celestial rosy-red, are weary and pallid, and find housekeeping a misery and a failure. We do not exhort them to the labor of one instant more. But their quick brains and clear executive power are quite adequate to the ordering of a well regulated kitchen, were a few hints given them. All the boys in Scotland saw the tea-kettle boil, but only Watt condensed the vapor into a steam engine from which a hundred thousand mechanics caught hints and earned their bread. Only Monsieur Blot finds the kitchen an inspiration, and the flour barrel an unpublished poem. He sighs that the gods have not made it poetical as well—but he *can* appeal to our harder natures, and teach us to reduce our tyrants to vassalage, and force obedient and ready service from them.

Dear Angelina, go to No. 896 Broadway, and exchange $10 for wisdom wiser than Solon's; which shall more adorn you than the *point appliqué* collar which you resign; which shall more enhance your rich complexion than the pretty veil for which you sigh. You and Edwin shall no longer board, but have a shining home, and a table so well-ordered that he may impetuously invite to dinner his cousin, the Hon. Senator from New Mexico, suddenly arrived in town, and raise no blush upon your cheek, and no agitation in your tranquil bosom.

"Ah," but you say, while your blue eyes brighten at this charming picture, "if I knew more than Brillat-Savarin, and had edited the *Almanach Gastronomique* like Monsieur Blot, could I hope to make my exiled Bridget comprehend my fine instructions? And I must have that Island wanderer, or nobody."

Angelina,

"There's the rub!
* * * There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life."

We never pass a slop-shop where haggard women come bearing huge bales of underpaid sewing; we do not see the pinched toy-workers and dolls' dressmakers; we never observe the little stores whose windows declare, "Ladies' linen made here;" we do not note pallid lines of weary girls, pining for fresh air behind crowded counters, without wishing that they would help us at our need—they or their sisters in lot—and cook our abundant dinners for excellent pay, rather than buy their own meagre ones for half their wages. They *will* do it exactly when, in addition to the money, we offer them that absolute and hearty respect which *Ability* demands—whether it be ability to cook or to build the Vatican.

Till that day, patient Angelina, try to graft Yankee ideas on a Celtic stem. One in a hundred will flourish. Meanwhile, go you to Monsieur Blot, and know that for every lesson you add something to the "daily beauty" of your life. For right housekeeping ceases to be a paltry thing when you remember that without it no perfect home can be; and cooking is no longer a common drudgery when you think that its fine chemistry keeps Edwin in the body, that he may the longer adore you. So persevere, even if you come from the Cooking Academy day after day with Portia's half sad, half merry wisdom on your lips,—"If to do were as easy as to know what were good to be done, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces."

A PICTURE ANECDOTE.—Upon the subject of painting, I will mention to you an anecdote which I heard related by Hoffland (a celebrated landscape composer), regarding two of the finest pictures which are in this or any other country; they are the works of the immortal Claude. A nobleman, whose name I now forget, purchased them in Italy, and sent them over to this country, directed to a friend, with instructions for him to pay the duty upon them, which amounted to £27 11s, and to preserve them carefully until his return. These instructions the friend never received; and when the pictures were landed at Dover, nobody being there to make any inquiries about them, they were seized by the officers of the port for non-payment of duty, and were put to public auction, as is customary in these cases, for that purpose. Strange to say, there was no one who had discernment enough to see the merits of these stupendous productions, and the pictures were fortunately drawn in unsold, £17 being the greatest offer for them.

Shortly after this the nobleman arrived in England, and instantly wrote to his friend about his property. You may imagine, by the sequel, what was his surprise when his friend returned for answer that he was extremely sorry to say that he was entirely ignorant of such things existing. The thought which struck him first was to proceed to the landing place, Dover; and, after several inquiries, he at last found his treasures thrown by in an old wareroom, amidst a heap of confiscated rubbish. He paid the £27 11s. joyfully, and the pictures were given up to him. Two years after this, those pictures were put up for sale and purchased by Mr. Beckford of Fonthill Abbey, for 12,000 guineas; when that gentleman sold his magnificent domain to Farquhar, the pictures were taken along with it for the original price; when the latter died, they were again put to the hammer, and bought by Augerstein, for an advance of 3,000 guineas, making the sum 15,000; and when his collection was purchased by government as public property, they were taken at a valuation of 16,000 guineas, and they are, at this moment, the most splendid ornaments in the British gallery.—*London Paper.*

ENGLISH PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

Correspondence of the Chicago Tribune.

LONDON, Oct. 7, 1865.

I PROPOSE to give you this week a slight account of the present condition of our English Quarterly Reviews and monthly Magazines. Most of these are known, at all events by name, to American readers, but changes have taken place probably since the acquaintanceship began. It is of to-day that I speak, and my words are intended rather to convey information, than to incorporate criticism.

The veteran blue and buff, the *Edinburgh Review*, is still under the editorship of Mr. Henry Reeve, of the Privy Council. It is not the *Edinburgh* of the days of Jeffrey, and not unseldom the articles are merely on a par with journalism. It is singular to take it up at a club or reading-room and find that a large proportion of the leaves are uncut. Occasionally, however, Dean Stanley contributes a paper which stirs up discussion, and the *Edinburgh* then seems to get some of its old color and fire. During the American war, the *Edinburgh* has had articles on opposite sides, personal influence overweighing sometimes considerations of consistency. The *Quarterly Review*, its ancient rival, has been bitterly Southern, as much so as if the Rev. Mr. Elwyn, the editor, had dipped as deeply into the Confederate Loan as Mr. Seward's list says did the editors of the *Times* and the *Morning Post*. On purely literary matters the *Quarterly* is to be preferred to the old Whig periodicals; but in foreign and domestic politics, it is still the friend of exclusive privileges, and in religious matters, through the agency of Professor Mansell, it defends established beliefs with weapons that injure the hands that use them. Some time ago Lord Robt. Cecil, now Lord Cranbourne and the heir to the Marquisate of Salisbury, a dyspeptic tory, clever, haughty, and unscrupulous, made use of the pages of the *Quarterly* to attack Mr. Disraeli, but the animus was of a personal character, and private origin, and Mr. Disraeli really benefited by it. The Liberals were delighted at the prospect of a division in the tory camps and applauded the nobleman whom they yet cordially detested, but out of the party "acts" there was a good deal of feeling in favor of the Hebrew statesman, and the *Quarterly* has not repeated the attempt to oust him from the leadership of the Conservatives. In the House of Commons Lord Robert has again raised the standard of revolt, but no followers joined him and the *Quarterly* likes to keep with the winners. Understand, then, that the *Quarterly Review* is the organ of what remains among us of the old reactionary spirit in politics; but is made interesting by concessions to the modern mind in the way of pleasant contributions from scientific men, or from genial essayists, on matters which are the property of no section or school.

The *Westminster Review* is edited by Dr. Jno. Chapman, who was formerly a publisher with a good business connection, but who, some fifteen years ago, gave up business, entered the medical profession, and soon gained a physician's degree. He is a respectable writer, having good literary taste. He is a Rationalist, of the extreme German type, and with him are associated Mr. Francis Newman, Mr. Jno. Stuart Mill, Miss Frances Cobbe, and a handful of writers who are pure theists, before whose critical eyes everything new in philosophy and theology has to pass. There is every quarter a wonderful store of intelligence about contemporary literature in the *Westminster*, and for this it finds its way into circles ordinarily closed to periodicals wandering so far from the popular creeds. On the American rebellion the *Westminster* never wavered, but wrote manfully and with a cutting and precise logic, which were most effective against the great Slave Power. To Prof. Cairnes, that enlightened friend and advocate of the great cause of freedom on the American continent, some of the best articles in the *Westminster* are due.

A Review, much more reverent in its handling of religious subjects, though opposed to the orthodox views, has lately ceased to appear—the *National Review*. In this were published the most striking pieces of essay writing England has seen during the last quarter of a century. James Martineau, the brother of Harriet, was the author of the contributions to which I refer, and we have no one living who, in beauty of style, in poetic expression, in richness of illustration, and pure chastity of thought can compare with him. There was in the *National Review* a kindly treatment of conflicting schools, and a height of moral tone greatly to be prized in national literature; but it never found a constituency sufficiently numerous to give it, commercially, a profitable career. The *coup de grace* was given it by Professor Pearson, of King's College—a Broad Churchman, of very advanced opinions—who, assuming the editorship, proceeded to mix with rationalist sentiments a series of sneers at all who were not of the established church, and so alienated the Liberal Dissenters (as they are termed), without attracting a corresponding number of subscribers among the Episcopalians; and so, after trying the experiment of half yearly instead of quarterly appearances, the *National* has ceased to show itself at all.

The *North British Review*, which is now conducted by the proprietors—the Scotch firm of Edmonston & Douglas—is very national, and is sometimes tedious accordingly; but it usually strikes new light in some direction, and is in itself a proof of the growing liberalism of Scotch philosophy. The good old reformers of Scotland would be petrified could they visit us and read the *North British Review* as it is brought out in the autumn of 1865. Art, pictorial and dramatic, is no longer tabooed as irreligious, and the badge of the dead letter of many an ancient saying has departed. Several of the professors at the Scotch universities—Professor Fraser, McTullogh, Bain, and Dr. Lee—are among the freest critics of our day, and these teachings are leavening the whole mass of Scottish thought. The *North British Review* is at this moment, to a considerable extent, their favorite meeting-place with the general public.

You would not thank me for entering the field of the theological reviews and describing the numerous species which are grazing there. I will notice but one. The *British Quarterly Review* has become known to a large religious denomination in America, by the recent visit to Boston of the editor, the Rev. Dr. Vaughan. The tour of this Reverend Divine to America on a mission of congratulation with the American people on the suppression of your rebellion, was an audacious act. It is as though the editor of the New York *Herald* came over here to congratulate the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland on the extinguishment of the Fenian conspiracy. At Chicago you cannot see the true character of the thing. It is only here, where the "deputation" were known, that its import is understood. The *British Quarterly Review*, as a representative of the Congregationalist dissenters of England, was as Southern to all intents and purposes, as the London *Times*. Dr. Vaughan hoped for the success of the South; he ridiculed the supposed desire of the North to get rid of the cause of the war with the war itself; and in no sentences ever written on the war was the narrow spirit of mere national jealousy more conspicuously displayed. To go over to the North on the errand which he accepted, was more than audacious,—it was insulting. Dr. Vaughan had the support of many wealthy men amongst his sect in the course he adopted in supporting the government of Jeff. Davis. Rich merchants like Mr. Samuel Morley and Mr. J. Remington Mills, some of them Independents, and at the time members of Parliament, were as vehement upholders of the clique at Richmond, as the disinterested Mr. Spence of Liverpool, or that meekest of demagogues, Mr. J. A. Roebuck. The *Patriot* newspaper is the property of Messrs. Morley & Mills, and under their controlling sway the *Patriot* was, all through the war, a careful and persistent enemy of the North. In a number of the *British Quarterly*, published this week, Dr. Vaughan, I see, enters into a lengthy history of his tour, and insinuates that those who tried to depict him in his real position, were the enemies of the church, and so forth. It is an article calculated to inflame prejudices on both sides. This is the last number which will appear under his editorship. The *British Quarterly* enters upon fresh paths in the hands of two Congregationalist ministers, the Rev. H. Allen and Professor Reynolds of Cheshunt College. The first is a popular preacher, but he has given no signs of literary talent, nor of those wide appreciative sympathies which are absolutely necessary to the successful conduct of even semi-secular reviews. Mr. Reynolds is an abler man, and if allowed full power, may do something to give the *British Quarterly* a privilege it has never yet enjoyed, viz: a respectable place in English serial literature.

If I thrust my hand amongst the many magazines which are lying upon my table as I write, I pick up one publication after another unknown to you and likely to remain so. Just a word of those which have other deserts.

There was a time when *Blackwood's Magazine* was welcome to the American reader—who looked into it when it came in his way, as if hoping to see another set of contributions like the *Nodes* of Christopher North; but as *Blackwood* now is, there would be little to repay the curiosity. *Blackwood* has been, like all the Tory prints, the fast friend of the slaveholding classes. I mean this literally—an open defence of slavery having appeared repeatedly in its pages. At this moment, a German soldier of fortune, who has served with the Confederates, is bragging of his wonderful Munchausen-like adventures, month after month, leaving the believer in a state of amazement that such uninterrupted successes should come to nothing. *Blackwood*, so far as the American rebellion is concerned, is saturated with slaveholding ideas—with slaveholding religion, philosophy, morals, and politics. Its other contents are sufficiently readable. Charles Lever, the author of "Harry Lorrequer," though now past the meridian, has much of his old wit, and sends agreeable persiflage, the whipt cream of an elegant literary gourmand, from his delightful Italian Consulate, to his old Scotch friend; and, under the name of "Cornelius O'Dowd," says many things that are pithy and wise, with some that are wide of the mark and foolish. Mrs. Oliphant has not written any thing so good of late as "Salem Chapel," but the sketches she contributes to *Blackwood* are rarely dull. Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, also, when he writes at all, makes *Blackwood* his medium; but in party politics the Toryism of the magazine is of a deeper tinge than the pale Conservatism of the novelist.

Fraser's Magazine, edited by Mr. J. A. Froude, the author of the History of Henry VIII., and of the "Nemesis of Faith," is, on the whole, the best English magazine extant. A mediocre paper in *Fraser* is the exception. The free lances in the Church of England have there full play, but the mild Evangelical Tupperisms of "A. K. H. B." (the Rev. A. Boyd) have also a place. There is a coldness and scepticism about the editorial papers which I dislike; but writers of the opposite temperament are welcomed, and *Fraser* keeps swiftly on at the head of the magazines, so far as the more cultured class of readers is concerned. though it is distanced in mere numbers by the *Cornhill*. In the last named, Mrs. Gaskell is writing a story called "Wives and Daughters," which is rich in delicious bits of quiet family life, and in true artistic portraiture of character. We are flooded with fictions, and the few good ones are in danger of being lost in the waters; but "Wives and Daughters" rides on the surface. Mr. Wilkie Collins is trying to pile up the horrors again in his story called "Armadale," but the public are getting *to see his machinery*, and "Armadale" has none of the fascination of the "Woman in White." *Macmillan's Magazine*, edited by Mr. Masson, is highly flavored with the Scotch peculiarities of its editor. It is the favorite Magazine of the knot of mystic theologians who look to the Rev. F. D. Maurice as their prophet. This is an excellent body of men, always generous and just in their political action, but hampered with a curious ecclesiasticism which makes everything good proceed from and return to the Church of England. You know how true they were to the North. Mr. Ludlow was a host in himself. The Rev. Charles Kingsley has been a contributor to *Macmillan*, but his Cambridge professorship has not improved the author of "Alton-Locke," who now seems to court the society of the Dons who were once the objects of his ridicule. *Macmillan* will soon be too heterodox for him. In *Colburn's New Monthly* and *Bentley's Miscellany*, Mr. W. Harrison Ainsworth repeats the romances of his youth, though he now avoids such vulgar names as Dick Turpin and Jack Sheppard. The Dublin *University Magazine* is conducted respectably, but is a "caution" to all who take up a periodical to get amused. The *Temple Bar Magazine* is a sort of club for fast writers, who think Mr. Geo. A. Sala a bright particular sun, and revolve round him as admiring planets. Mr. Edmund Yates, the son of a well-known comedian, and Miss Braddon, who has made bigamy interesting by her fictions, find a sphere congenial to their talents and tastes. *London Society*—a new magazine—is to be seen in the laps of young girls of the middle classes, who like to read of the courtships and ball dresses of the sets a little above them. The illustrations which it gives are fairly executed, but a man over twenty-one soon tires of those everlasting stories of simpering, languishing misses who, in the estimation of the editors of *London Society*, are representatives of its British types of female society. The *Shilling Magazine* started in a foolish dispute—the editor, Mr. S. Lucas, an Oxford man, and the chief literary reviwer of the *Times*, writing such nonsense in reply to some one who had criticised his programme that fears as to his sanity were seriously expressed. But he is either kept quiet by his friends, or has recovered his wits, for the magazine is sensibly and rationally written, though there is nothing sufficiently distinctive about it to give it a circle of its own.

My last paragraph I must reserve for the *Fortnightly Review*, an English imitator of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Mr. G. H. Lewes, the editor, is a man of many gifts. He writes delightfully on the drama; has himself produced two or three sparkling pieces; has given the world a history of Goethe which the Germans say is the best extant; dabbles in philosophy, and is yielded to as a master in literary style. Nevertheless, his status as a British author is not such as his abilities would appear to indicate. There is a want of something in his writings, which is more of the character than of the intellect—more moral than intellectual—and the *Fortnightly Review*, though excellently edited, is in the same position as its editor. His intimate relations with Miss Evans, the authoress of "Adam Bede," led the public to expect something from her pen in the *Review*, but, with the exception of a few literary notices, there has hitherto been nothing. Anthony Trollope has a very agreeable story, and twice in the month we get in this new periodical a good deal of pungent gossip on new books and events.

J. R. R.

MISTRESSES AND SERVANTS.

From the London Review.

THE alleged degeneracy of the English domestic servant has recently afforded an excellent opportunity for the exercise of the *cacoethes scribendi;* and so far as the communications to the public upon the subject are the truthful expressions of actual experience, we have no right to take exception to them as statements of fact, but we have every right to examine the conclusions drawn from them. The general tone in which this question has come before us sounds like a discordant flourish of trumpets, celebrating the fulfilment of the prophecies which four-and-twenty years ago were so unsparingly uttered by thinkers of the old school, who might now triumphantly say—"Did we not tell you what would be the result of all this education of the lower classes, into which you so blindly rushed? You have sown—now you are reaping." If we took for granted all we read and hear about the worthlessness of the modern domestic servant, we might be tempted to admit that we made a mistake when we determined that the rising generation of the people should be taught to read and write. But shall the man always paint the lion? It is but fair that the lion should try his paw at depicting the man. Two pictures of the same subject by different artists will perhaps set each other off admirably.

The mistress says: "The race of servants has now reached such a pass that it is hopeless to attempt to get a good one. I am obliged to be continually changing, and the change is generally for the worse. There are plenty to choose from, but after they have been with me a little time they all turn out pretty much alike. In engaging a servant now-a-days one has to go through quite an ordeal. The last time I wanted a servant, I saw between twenty and thirty before I engaged one, and instead of my being examiner-in-chief, I found myself subjected to complete cross-examination upon the advantages which I was prepared to hold out as inducements to the acceptance of the situation. The tables were completely turned upon me. The question whether the applicant suited me was altogether merged in the far more important question whether the situation I had to offer would suit the views of the 'young person who had called respecting it.' The Sundays out, and the other days out, and the privilege of receiving visitors in the kitchen, the hours allotted to work, and the hours for meals, were matters upon which I was closely catechized. In short, instead of that humble demeanor which used to characterize the servant of former days, I had to put up with as much questioning as if I was endeavoring not to find a menial to fill a vacancy in my kitchen, but a purchaser of some goods I had to dispose of, and which, if I desired to secure a bid for them, I must prove to be very genuine. The old time-honored landmarks between mistress and servant seem to be swept away. The situation which a mistress may desire to fill up in these times is discussed by a servant with as much coolness as any questionable securities might be discussed by some speculator on the Stock Exchange. And then to see how some of these young women dressed. I must confess that not a few of them were dressed with better taste than many young ladies of my acquaintance. How is it to be expected then that I can keep for any length of time a servant engaged under such circumstances? From the moment she comes into my kitchen she regards the relationship established between us as an investment which can be varied at any time if the result be not satisfactory to her. The fact is, that situations in one's household are guided now-a-days pretty much in the same way as the productions of the market, or the condition of the funds; and a mistress may think herself highly honored if she and her situation, as marketable commodities, are not quoted at a discount."

Such is the picture which the mistress paints of the domestic servant of the present day. The vicious servant and the servant that has lost her character are not introduced here, because, at this step, they do not enter into the scope of the question at issue. It is with those who form the main body of domestic servants, and are still entitled to be ranked as respectable members of that body, that we are now concerned. And it is of these that we present the picture. The man has painted the lion, and he believes he has not represented him unfairly. Now let the lion lay the brush upon the canvas—let "the young persons who called respecting the situation" state their case.

"We have heard," say they—"nay, more, we know, that the majority of our predecessors in the calling of domestic service could neither read nor write, and that they looked up to their mistresses as beings of a superior order, whom they were bound to serve with reverence and fear—that in those days it was a common thing for servants to pass a lifetime in one family—and that there sprang up a beautiful feeling of humble dependency which has no root in the working classes of the times in which we are living. And we have been told that the time arrived when the question of educating the laboring classes was discussed with great warmth; that those in power, who believed in the progress of the human race, carried the day, and the great work was commenced. Now that we can read and write, and some of us, perhaps, converse upon the social questions of the day, we actually *shudder* at the bare idea of the blank page of which our intellects would have consisted if we had had no more schooling than our parents. We thank you for what you have done for us—we appreciate it, and make use of it. The knowledge that you have imparted to us was professedly imparted for our own good, and you cannot fairly charge us with ingratitude if we take you at your word. We frankly admit that this knowledge which we have received at your hands we propose appropriating to our own advancement. Activity, cleanliness, good management, fidelity in the discharge of the services which we undertake, are matters which we regard more as our own valuable stock-in-trade than the property of the mistress with whom we may have engaged. We know that the more clever we are in the performance of what we undertake, the better the bargain we can make for ourselves. The world in general is not so unselfish as to cause us to be ashamed when we own that our endeavors to excel in the branches of our calling are with a view of benefiting ourselves. Nor need we hesitate for a moment to avow this; for, the more efficient we are in filling the situation which we may occupy in a lady's household, the more satisfactory should it be to the lady. But she complains that we are not subservient enough—that she dares not speak to us—that we answer her, and that she does not desire to be answered by her servants. Here lies the rub. It is the non-slavery aspect of the relationship that galls so many mistresses. We trust that we are not disrespectful. We certainly are not so intentionally. It is quite true that we fail to recognize that great distinction which used to exist under the old order of things between mistresses and servants. We are not without our laws of etiquette, and we form, as we trust, a fair estimate of the measure of respect due to those whom we are bound to recognize as our superiors. It would not be to our interest to be wanting in respect to our mistresses; and our observation leads us to the conclusion that where the charge of disrespect is brought in a general way against us it arises from their arrogance. Indeed, it is on the special accusations brought forward at this time that we presume to criticise our superiors. Yes, we do venture to criticise our employers, and the less wise they are in their management of us the more will they expose themselves to our criticism. We dress too expensively, they say; and seek to be taken for ladies in the streets, instead of what we are—plain servants. Possibly we do. Thousands of mistresses commit a similar extravagance in their way, and seek to be greater ladies than their true position in the social scale warrants. This, we contend, is the natural consequence arising from the great prosperity of the country. Are we to be excluded from those considerations which attach so much importance to the taste exhibited by our sex in the matter of dress? When you taught us to read you placed a great power in our hands. From reading came the knowledge of what is going on in the world; and from this arises the reflection upon our own status. Getting on in the world is the great maxim of the day; and so, if we have comeliness, we have learned that it is of value, and we know that we can set off that comeliness of person by the adornment of dress. When we entered your service, we entered it not for your exclusive convenience, but with a view to our own advancement in life. We, like you, when you were younger and unmarried, look forward to the day when we shall have husbands, and be the joyful mothers of children. You ought surely be the last to condemn us for such aspirations as these. Many of us, no doubt, act very unwisely and foolishly in the particular steps we take to gain our ends; but here it is that mistresses miss their chance. What a golden opportunity here for sympathy!—a sympathy which would develop into kindly guidance on the one hand, and a grateful deference on the other. This sympathy is the little key which will unlock the great difficulty that stands in the way of the mutual respect which should subsist between mistresses and servants in a well-conducted household. If we knew that we were really cared for—that our prospects in life were matters in which our mistresses really took an interest, a new bond of union would arise, hallowing the cold contract of yesterday into the warm, loving service of to-day."

We have endeavored to state the case from the two opposite points of view with as much fairness as possible. The pictures are purposely rather underdrawn than overdrawn. If we have leaned towards the side of the servants, we have done so because we believe that just as this new order of things was brought about by acts operating from above them, so must the practical issue be guided by the same hands. To have created a new order of things, and sit down helplessly and lament the practical working of it without putting one's hand to the wheel, is worse than childish. Whether the intelligent or non-intelligent workman can render us more valuable service is no longer a question to be solved. On all sides the laboring classes of the community are pushing upwards and onwards, and are treading closely on the heels of those who gain their livelihood without manual labor. We cannot run away from the fact. Year by year it will become a greater fact, and to keep pace with it on our side, we must increase in wisdom with it. Let us sum up the case, then, in the full assurance that servants will have as keen an eye to getting on in the world as any other members of the community; that they will regard their engagements as business contracts; that the healthy performance of their duties will spring mainly from the motive of self-interest; and that while this is evident, and will become daily more evident, it becomes of the last importance that mistresses should study the case from every point of view, and so comprehend its true aspect; and, having fully comprehended it, should take into their most serious consideration whether, whilst servants have been rising in the intellectual scale, mistresses have kept pace with them. At all events the question is one which so closely touches the comfort of us all, that we may be well excused for entreating the ladies to bring a little calm philosophy to bear upon it.

A NATION'S CONTRIBUTIONS.

From the Boston Advertiser.

MR. GOODRICH'S very interesting and valuable book* sums up in its preface and closing paragraph the voluntary popular contributions in aid of the Union cause, by an estimate of seventy millions of dollars. Of course this is only an approximation to the truth; and when we consider the difficulty of drawing the line between freewill offerings and local taxation, the impossibility of estimating the value of many gifts which did not take the form of money, the immense and incalculable amount of unostentatious private gifts, great and small, of which no compiler will ever know any thing definite, we see that it would be needless to insist upon a closer accuracy. The author of the "Tribute Book" has been most industrious and indefatigable in his search for statistics, has presented his long columns of figures in the most attractive manner, and has summarized the result very comprehensively. Where they represent as here the unprecedented liberality of a nation, round numbers are very agreeable reading; but the elegant volume before us has other features equally interesting, and our purpose in this review of it is to mention some of the more remarkable peculiarities of the manner of the gifts, some of the eccentric currents through which the national generosity flowed to the benefit of the nation's defenders—to consider the picturesque element which mingles even with American munificence, and which is very fully exhibited in Mr. Goodrich's book.

* *The Tribute Book.* A Record of the Munificence, Self-Sacrifice, and Patriotism of the American People during the War for the Union. By Frank B. Goodrich. New York: Derby and Miller. Boston: C. H. Brainard.

It is interesting to learn from the early pages of this book that Lowell not only sent the first organized body of men to the defence of the capital, but that it held the first sanitary fair. It claims also to have set on foot the first individual subscription in behalf of the soldiers, and to have organized the first soldiers' aid society; but the first claim is disputed, successfully in Mr. Godrich's estimation, by New York, and the second by our neighboring city of Charlestown and by the ladies of Bridgeport, Connecticut.

In the accounts of the spontaneous, disorganized, overflowing liberality of the early months of the war, there is nothing more eccentric than the sending by Mr. John W. Farmer of New York of a ton of sugar plums to Fortress Monroe. The cargo furnished a single spoonful of bon-bons to each man of the army